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The Week

A MONTH ago it seemed probable that in the next Presidential contest the voter would have to choose between the most reactionary available Republican and the most reactionary Democrat. This probability has since been much reduced. The emergence of Bryan has greatly disturbed the calculations of the reactionary Democracy. The man who is to command Bryan's support—which for all any one knows may still be the decisive factor—will have to pass muster not only on his war record and on his undying opposition to Bolshevism, but also on his attitude toward labor, the railways and the taxation of wealth. The calculations of the Republican reactionaries have also been thrown into confusion. Their setback has come from the action of the Republican organization at Albany in their assault upon what the great mass of Americans regard as a fundamental principle of democracy. Any candidate who might be suspected of sympathy with this action would be likely to prove a heavy incubus at the polls.

REAL ONE HUNDRED per cent Americanism is the dominant force behind the great and growing protest against the suspension of the Socialist assemblymen at Albany. Mr. Hughes and the majority of the New York Bar who voted with him abominate Socialism as cordially as any group in America. But they care more about the spirit of American institutions than they do about the gratification of their private dislikes. Cynics may dwell on the fact that to protest the tyrannical conduct of the Assembly was good politics as well as good Americanism. To be sure, that is now plainly seen to be the case. It was not so evidently good politics when the protest was first made.

PUBLIC OPINION is apparently ebbing away from the heresy hunters and witch burners. There is no evidence of an ebb in Congress or in the state legislatures, where the law makers are busily at work erecting bars behind which American liberty may be chained up in safety. There is not much evidence of it in the press, which proclaims itself as much scared as ever. But legislatures and press always have been lumbering machines which continue in motion after they have reached their proper destination, with much resultant breakage. As indications of what is going on in the people's minds we may note the increasing number of men who are "coming out against the hysteria" and the impunity with which they come out. We may note the indifference with which the average man accepts the reversal of the Allied policy on Russia, and the miserable failure of our incredible Attorney-General Palmer to get advertising value out of his imputation of the Berlin riots to the propaganda moneys left behind in Germany by the Soviet ambassador.

THE PUBLISHED reports of the Berlin riots mix up facts and propaganda so shockingly that it is impossible to disentangle the truth in all its details. But some things are clear: Noske, the

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strong arm man of the present government, had been increasingly vexed in recent months by the growth of radical sentiment, with which liberal sentiment had associated itself, against his too high handed and Prussian methods of keeping order. As it happened, the Reichstag was to have under discussion a rather reactionary measure on labor councils on the very anniversary of the murder of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. That was just such a coincidence as might have been constituted in America, once, by the enactment of a pro-slavery law on the anniversary of the hanging of John Brown. There was bound to be a riot. Noske retired into his den and chuckled. He got what he wanted, and now his prestige is restored as it would not have been if he had taken measures to prevent rioting.

THE FIRST meeting of the League of Nations Council was not outwardly a very thrilling event. The Council effected its organization, elected Leon Bourgeois chairman and confirmed the choice of Sir Eric Drummond as general secretary. There were speeches, of course, in a variety of tongues but apparently with little variety of content. The guests and press representatives were bored, as also the public which read the press accounts. Is it possible that the institution thus launched is destined to play a great part in world history? If the Treaty had been signed and the League launched a year ago the interest of the peoples would have been intense. Yet it may well be that the League's future is better assured as matters stand. Much has been learned about its necessary limitations in the interval. The Council will go cautiously now and build up its powers on a sound basis. A year ago it might have proceeded recklessly and so have compromised the League idea for generations.

CLEMENCEAU'S PLACE in history is secure. It is to his energy and perseverance, more than to any other single personal force, that the conclusive victory of the Allied cause was due. Such an honor could not be increased by any office bestowed upon him, even the presidency of the French republic. His defeat is of no importance, from the point of view of his personal glory. From the point of view of general politics it is of great importance. Contrary to the popular impression in this country, the presidency of France is very far from an empty honor. The president might, if he chose, exert a great influence upon the administration through his extensive ordinance powers, and an even greater influence upon foreign affairs through his power to negotiate treaties. Also he has important powers over appointments, and as the social head of a nation that cherishes honors, could count indirectly in politics for a great deal. French political instinct is for this reason opposed to conferring the presidency upon a man of dominating personality. It is not uncomplimentary to Clemenceau to be denied an office where his forcefulness might easily develop into a grave constitutional problem. America could perhaps afford to mix up judgments on future political expediency with gratitude for past war services. France has to reckon with too delicate a political equilibrium to take such risks.

ADMIRAL SIMS wanted to run both the strategy and the politics of the naval warfare. So did the Navy department. Much excellent technical advice was transmitted to the department and was overruled or ignored. The service suffered seriously in consequence and our contribution to the winning of the war was diminished. Admiral Sims also transmitted a piece of political advice without parallel for lack of political insight. He urged the department to strip our own coasts of naval defenses and concentrate in the waters around the British Isles, to lure the German submarines into wasting their time trying to sink ships at our doors. That might indeed have been good strategy. But imagine the thundering row that would have followed here. Every politician who is now using Sims as a stick to beat Daniels with would have cried to Heaven about the failure of the Administration to protect even our own coasts, and the greater part of the public would have joined in the cry. Such a row would have been worth more to the Germans than hundreds of thousands of tons sunk. It would have produced an enormous fund of anti-British sentiment. Whoever advised Admiral Sims not to let the British pull the wool over his eyes misunderstood both Admiral Sims and the British. He should have advised the Admiral not to pull the wool over his own eyes and let the consequences fall on the British. We shall miss the moral of the Sims-Daniels dispute unless we resolve, somehow or other, to make our political and our strategical agents observe their proper bounds.

LIFTING THE Russian blockade will probably improve the exchange situation, but in what measure depends on the volume of goods Russia has for export. On this point little is known outside of official circles, where the information is kept pigeonholed—for our good, in the eyes of our guardians. Russia used to export over 300,000 tons of flax a year, and although production must have been badly demoralized, it is not unlikely that the total accumulated in six years of interrupted export may

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amount to some hundred thousands of tons. Russian exports of hides and skins were also large, and some accumulations must remain in spite of greater domestic manufacture. Now that Soviet Russia has been extended to the Black Sea, it probably contains within its borders a surplus of wheat. British reports assert that the last Russian harvest was the best in thirty years. These are items of trade that may cut down the demand for products from this side of the Atlantic and thus offer some relief to exchange. The flax and hides and skins, as raw materials capable of being worked up into products for export, should further cut down the balance of payments against the European countries.

ALREADY, with government co-operation, British business men are drawing large plans for financing the Russian trade which they anticipate. We may be quite certain that the British government has already collected exact information as to what is to be had from Russia and what Russia will take in exchange. How do our own business chances in Russia stand? We have systematically cold-shouldered the agents of the co-operative societies, trying to do business with us, and we have run frantically about trying to catch the business agent of the Soviet government, to put him out of the country as an undesirable immigrant. He wanted to turn hundreds of millions in orders our way: to Ellis Island with him! Presently, when England has the Russian trade and we haven't it, our business men will grumble bitterly about "British methods."

TERRORISM in Russia is to be abandoned and the death penalty for counter-revolutionary activities is to be abolished, according to Moscow wireless dispaches. Moscow dispatches have usually told the truth; so we may hope that this one is true. There is more than a coincidence, here, with the lifting of the blockade and the virtual abandonment of the Allied war on Soviet Russia. If the government of Lenin is no longer to be bolstered up by foreign attack, it will be forced to conduct itself in such a way as to command the maximum of public support. It will have to make accelerated progress toward economic rehabilitation; it will have to meet social discontent by reform instead of by repression. Can it do this, or must it soon fall? It is unsafe to make predictions in the matter. The government of Lenin has a difficult path before it, but it may prove to be a far abler and more adaptable organization than western opinion has assumed.

IN A COMMUNICATION to the Japanese Ambassador on the matter of the withdrawal of American troops from Siberia there are two points which show that the State Department is awakening to the need of guarding American interests in Siberia. While the communication is ostensibly nothing more than an explanation of American withdrawal, there is a hint that Japan also might wisely withdraw. The government of the United States "is disposed to the view that further military effort to assist the Russians in the struggle toward self-government, may, in the present situation lead to complications which would have exactly the opposite effect, prolonging possibly the period of adjustment and involving Japan and the United States in ineffective and needless sacrifices." So we are concerned over Japanese sacrifices along with our own, and would like to have Japan avoid them. "The government of the United States does not in the least relinquish the deep interest which it feels in the political and economic fate of the people of Siberia." Two weeks ago Japan supposed that we were giving her a free hand. We were not, or if we were, we have changed our minds.

HOW SERIOUSLY did the British government take the threat of the Bolsheviki to set India aflame with revolution? That is impossible to say, but it is a reasonable guess that the British felt that their empire was more seriously menaced than it had ever been menaced by the Tsar. For the Tsar could never have commanded the services of Hindoos beyond the capacity of his purse to buy. He could never have won to himself any party of Hindoo patriots. The Bolsheviki, while they might have sought to set India free merely out of hatred for England, would nevertheless have sought to set India free. If the Tsar had succeeded in getting an army through the Khyber Pass, it would probably have soon melted away. If the Bolsheviki should get an army through, it might easily grow to vast dimensions. And the Bolsheviki could operate in India even without an army, something quite beyond the power of a Tsar.

THE BITUMINOUS coal operators, in their proposals to the President's Coal Commission, are unfolding a simple and effective strategy. In the first place they insist, quite reasonably, that wages shall not be advanced beyond what the industry can afford to pay under the scale of prices fixed in the administration of the Lever act. In the second place they insist that the wages agreement shall be binding upon the miners for a definite period, irrespective of the time when the Lever act ceases

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to be operative. And in the third place, they refuse to commit themselves as to prices after the lapse of that act. If they have their way wages will be chained down and prices will be free.

IS EUROPE really bankrupt? A little reflection should convince any one that with the possible exception of Austria no European people is bankrupt, though most European governments are not far from bankruptcy, an entirely different matter. France, for example, has physical items of wealth that must exceed one hundred billion dollars in value, as prices now range. She owes forty billions; must we deduct that sum? No; over thirty billions of it she owes to her own people, and if you set it down as a debit on one side of the national ledger you have to set it down as a credit on the other side. As for the other ten billions, they are offset by the sum France can reasonably expect to get out of Germany. As a country, then, France is a hundred billions above bankruptcy. Her politics may be so snarled up that she can't make the taxpaying Frenchmen satisfy the claims of the interest receiving Frenchmen. That would be governmental bankruptcy, merely.

THEORETICALLY it should be quite possible to set up machinery for meeting the credit needs of the solvent peoples while ignoring the straits of the embarrassed governments. In practice that is difficult because the governments, through their control of currency and banking, can disturb all values at will. And so long as they fail to make ends meet they will inevitably abuse that control. Any plan for the rehabilitation of Europe must therefore begin with the problem of public finance, as does the recently published plan for an international financial conference. Every government that desires international credit for its people should be made to cut expenses and increase taxation until it has established a sound balance. If that were done vast credit resources would sooner or later become available, without any further governmental action. They might not become available quickly enough, however. Therefore the proposed plan admits of new governmental loans, to take preference over all outstanding obligations, the proceeds of which are to be applied exclusively to economic rehabilitation. Such preference loans could easily be made to float at par. And the fact of preference would be no injustice to holders of other government obligations. They are more interested than any other class in the restoration of economic activity.

The Supreme Council Discovers the Russian People

THE announcement by the Supreme Economic Council of the lifting of the blockade against Soviet Russia is the most exhilarating piece of news which has come out of Europe since the signature of the armistice. As long as the blockade endured appeasement was impossible. It created an active and malignant source of infection, which kept the finances of Europe in disorder, interfered fatally with its productive and distributive efficiency, perverted its politics and corrupted its morals. If it is really lifted, the act will do away with one of the two insuperable obstacles to the economic, political and moral recuperation of the world. It will remove for permanent embalmment and storage in the war museum of atrocities the last abominable remnant of the policy of economic terrorism, with which the Allied governments have made the peoples of Eastern Europe pay in hunger, sickness, depression and actual starvation for the sins of their rulers. Thereafter there will be at least some chance of breaking down the intellectual and moral obsessions which have since the end of the fighting distracted the souls of the democratic nations. Their conscience and reason can now shake themselves free from the obscurantism, the chaos and the nightmares of the last few years. They can now, we hope, resume contact with the spiritual impulses of genuine democracy which are the devotion to liberty and equality, the practice of toleration and the reverence for human life.

It is no exaggeration to stigmatize the blockade of Russia as one of the most inexcusable and barbarous atrocities of the world war. The policy of starving the Russian people into submission, after all that they had previously suffered for the Allied cause, was the ugly offspring of the misunderstanding and mishandling of the Russian Revolution which began in March 1917 and which has continued shameless and unchecked until the present day. Soon after the first Revolutionary government was established in Petrograd the representatives of the Allies in that city remarked a strong inclination of Russian public opinion towards peace and a strong tendency of the revolutionary democracy to insist on a joint definition of war aims as a necessary preliminary condition of a general settlement. From that moment the policy of the Allied governments became suspicious of the Revolution and hostile to it. Their representatives in Petrograd never investigated or tried to understand why the Revolutionary democracy felt the necessity of moving towards peace. They never considered

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what they could do to satisfy its scruples and keep it interested in continued resistance to German imperialism. They immediately and thoughtlessly condemned the humane aspirations and the independent attitude of the Russian democracy as the culpable result of a pro-German pacifist intrigue. They demanded of Kerensky that he force at any price the Russian army to resume an offensive campaign. They shut their eyes to the facts of the disorganization of the army, the economic exhaustion of the country and the moral indifference of the people to an aggressive war. After Kerensky had tried and failed to persuade the army to fight, they still acted on the theory that a pacifist pro-German conspiracy sufficiently accounted for the military inertia of Russia. They assumed that the Russian people were only too anxious to fight with the Tsar's Allies for the imperialist aggrandizement of Russia and that a military dictatorship in the Napoleonic tradition could succeed in leading them into battle. They instigated and abetted the Korniloff revolt against Kerensky. Again they failed pitiably; and again they learned nothing from their failure. As a consequence of their persistent hostility to the needs, the scruples, the interests and the feelings of the Russian people, they finally convinced the Revolutionary democracy that its safety depended on the seizure of all power by the Soviets. The Bolshevik insurrection followed and resulted in a dictatorship by the left wing of the Revolutionary democracy.

After this disaster the statesmen and diplomats of the Allies could still conceive of no sufficient explanation of the triumph of the Bolshevists except as the fruits of pro-German and pacifist intrigue. Yet in reality this alienation of Russia was chiefly and clearly the inevitable result of their own persistent misunderstanding of the sources of the Russian Revolution and the needs and wishes of the Russian people. It was a combination of suffering, frustration, suspicion and hopelessness which prepared the Russian people, if not to want, at least to endure the agony of a Bolshevist revolutionary dictatorship. They were gasping for the decencies and the healing opportunities of peace in a world which had nailed the red flag of war to the mast. When their Allies refused to make allowances for their need they were too demoralized and disenchanted to resist the aggressive advocates of a desperate remedy. The only faction which had the hardihood to defy the triumphant God of War or to assume the odium of opening peace negotiations was that of the irreconcilable enemies of existing society. The price they charged Russia for attempting to secure peace was the abolition of her former political and social institutions. The Russian people paid the price, not because they believed in communism, but because they were driven to obtain from the enemies of the capitalist state the relief from intolerable distress which was denied to them by its friends. The communists represented less the stable convictions of the Russian nation than its temporary but grievous physical and moral necessities. They won the opportunity of trying out revolutionary socialism, because, embodying as they did a desperate doctrine, they alone were morally prepared to lead the violated Russian people in a desperate revolt against the moral coercion of war at any price.

The peace of Brest-Litovsk followed. Because the Soviet government signed it, the Allies subsequently treated Bolshevist Russia as the military associate of Germany. They continued to propagate the myth that the vast mass of the Russian people were opposed to peace and would welcome the intervention of a rescuing Japanese or an American army. They acted on this myth when they despatched an inter-Allied force to Siberia late in the summer of 1918. It was confidently predicted that the Allied troops would roll up Russian support and soon overthrow the hated dictatorship of the Soviets. The Omsk government was established under the protection of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Allied army and in the South of Russia Denikin organized with a larger measure of native Russian assistance another center of anti-Bolshevist military and political power. In the meantime Germany capitulated and the victorious Allies found themselves confronted with the problem of devising some method of restoring outlawed Russia to the family of nations. Should they seek to resurrect Russia by conciliation, generosity and confidence or by war and the hunger blockade? If their statesmen had the imagination to understand the genuinely popular character of the decision which Russia had made to accept the dictatorship of the proletariat, impossible as it was, rather than succumb to the dictatorship of their former rulers, aided by foreign generals and diplomats, they would have selected conciliation. The relief of the suffering of the Russian people was the one certain way of restoring to Russia a political and economic stability and normality. But after hesitating for a while over the Prinkipos proposal they selected war and starvation. They would have liked to dispatch large bodies of American and British or Japanese troops to beat Russia into submission, but fortunately they did not dare to issue such an order. So they compromised by sending supplies to the anti-Bolshevist forces and by trying to break down the Russian people by condemning them to the last extremities of privation and famine.

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Never have Christian statesmen deliberately planned an important measure of international policy which was rewarded with a more abject, a more shameful and a more completely deserved failure. At the time when conciliation was finally rejected, the anti-Bolshevist factions controlled practically the whole of Siberia and a large part of southern Russia. If they had made peace at that time they would have kept control of the territory. Now there remains to them only the precarious possession of a much diminished estate along the Pacific Ocean and the Black Sea. Anti-Bolshevism has lost a huge domain with an area approximately equal to that of the United States because its statesmen ignored the manifest and serious provocation which had induced the Russian people against their own will to submit to Bolshevism, and because its own statesmanship was pugnacious, militaristic, cruel, impoverished and blind. It would have served the anti-Bolshevists right in case the failure of their own policy of extermination brought with it an increase of the Bolshevist menace to the security of their own institutions, but as a matter of fact, their failure will diminish rather than increase the danger of Bolshevism. The Russian people, once they are given a chance, will either do away with Bolshevism or will convert it into a thoroughly domesticated animal.

The defeat of Kolchak and Denikin and the lifting of the blockade is not a victory of Bolshevism as a creed, of the proletarian dictatorship as a form of government, or of the Red army as a military organization. It is a victory of the Russian people over one of the most flagrant and barbarous attempts in history to deprive a great nation of the right to work out its own destiny. Kolchak and Denikin have failed for the same reason that the French emigrés failed in 1794. They were unable with the weapons of terrorism and starvation to crush out the invincible refusal of the Russian people to take back their former rulers at the bidding of foreign statesmen. The Russians assuredly deserved the liberties which they have vindicated against such formidable odds and against such implacable enemies. If ever a nation has earned at a terrible cost the clear title to self-determination, it is the Russians. They have confronted their enemies with a patient and imperturbable resistance, which future historians of democracy will rank as one of the greatest recorded achievements of popular moral tenacity and courage.

Let us welcome, then, the lifting of the Russian blockade as an encouraging sign of European recovery and as the first step towards the righting of a terrible wrong done to an innocent, helpless and long-suffering people. But let us remember who the perpetrators of this wrong were and why and how they betrayed the democracy in which they pretended to believe. The Allied statesmen in their Russian policy betrayed democracy by committing and sticking to one inexcusable mistake. They never honestly and disinterestedly inquired into the motives, the impulses and the interests which determined the behavior of the Russian revolutionary parties and that of the Russian people. For almost three years they have posed as the friends of Russia and the saviours of its people from the German and Bolshevist menaces. For the purpose of saving holy Russia and its inhabitants they have fomented rebellion and civil war, ravaged large stretches of country, deprived Russian hospitals of supplies and Russian mothers of sanitary necessities, starved thousands of Russian men, women and children and brought havoc into the lives and desperation into the hearts of millions of simple and excellent human beings. Now that these atrocities have failed to force the Russian nation to accept the genial fruits of salvation at their hands, they have suddenly recanted. They have discovered "the unhappy situation of the population in the interior of Russia" and have announced their determination to supply economic relief. But let us remember that the spectacle of French, English and American traders supplying relief to famished and exhausted Russia will be analogous to the spectacle of the restoration of devastated France by German capital and labor. The chief difference is that the Germans will not be allowed to make money out of their own malefaction. And let us remember finally that they are supplying relief to the Russian nation only because they have tried and failed by every known device of intrigue, politics, economics and war to break down its spirit and impair its independence.

The Red Hysteria

IN the middle of the Seventeenth Century there was a famous witchfinder, named Matthew Hopkins, who instituted raids and drives in the eastern countries of England for the purpose of discovering witches. His principal test was to throw the suspect into the river and find out if he floated. At last it occurred to some one to apply the test to Hopkins himself. He was thrown into the river. He floated. He was declared a wizard. And he was put to death. . . . . There is nothing new about the Red Hysteria. Soon after James I ascended the throne of England a law was enacted which subjected witches to death on the first conviction, "even though they should have inflicted no injury upon their neighbors." (Lecky.) This law

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was passed when Coke was Attorney-General of England and Francis Bacon a member of Parliament. Twelve Bishops sat upon the commission to which it was referred. Sir Thomas Browne, author of Religio Medici, declared "those who denied the existence of witchcraft were not only infidels, but also by implication, atheists." Parlor Bolsheviks in other words. Selden "maintained that the law condemning women to death for witchcraft was perfectly just, but that it was quite unnecessary to ascertain whether witchcraft was a possibility." The word of any federal agent was sufficient.

Nor is there anything novel about the current methods of curing those disorders which have reddish symptoms. The ancient Hindoos* had an elaborate cure for jaundice which might be adopted by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Lusk, or Mr. Sweet. "The priest, in order to infuse the rosy hue of health into the sallow patient gave him water to sip which was mixed with the hair of a red bull." In those days yellow rather than red was the menacing color. "He poured water over the animal's back and made the sick man drink it; he seated him on the skin of a red bull and tied a piece of the skin to him. Then in order to improve his color by thoroughly eradicating the yellow taint, he proceeded thus. He first daubed him from head to foot with a yellow porridge made of turmeric or curcuma (a yellow plant resembling the headlines of the New York Times and the editorials of the New York Tribune), set him on a bed, tied three yellow birds, to wit a parrot (symbolizing Presidential candidates); a thrush (symbolizing frightened householders), and a yellow wagtail (symbolizing Mr. Archibald Stevenson), by means of a yellow string to the foot of the bed; then pouring water over the patient, he marked off the yellow porridge, and with it no doubt the jaundice from him to the birds. After that, by way of giving a final bloom to his complexion, he took some hairs of a red bull, wrapped them in gold leaf, and glued them to the patient's skin." This was known as Hindooization.

Speaker Sweet should have no trouble then in finding precedents. He might look into the works of Cotton Mather and his colleague Parris. "They proclaimed the frequency of the crime; and being warmly supported by their brother divines (Bishop Burch), they succeeded in creating a panic through the whole country. A commission was issued. . . . . The few who ventured to oppose the prosecutions were denounced as Sadducees and infidels. Multitudes were thrown into prison, others fled (were deported?) from the country abandoning their property, and twenty-seven persons were executed."

"I have now completed my review of the history of witchcraft," writes Lecky. . . . "I have shown . . . that witchcraft resulted, not from isolated circumstances, but from modes of thought. . . . Arising amid the ignorance of an early civilization, it was quickened into an intenser life by a theological struggle which allied terrorism with credulity, and it declined under the influence of that great rationalistic movement which, since the Seventeenth Century, has been on all sides encroaching on theology."

That same rationalistic movement now begins to encroach upon those superstitions which for the last five years have in many persons done duty as politics. The events precipitated in New York by Speaker Sweet have given the movement a powerful impetus, but the most striking event is the meeting held by the Harvard Liberal Club in Boston on January twelfth.

Mr. Justice Holmes wrote to the meeting saying that "with effervescing opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air." Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School remarked that "the action taken against many of these men (the Reds), arrested and let out again has brought our government into hatred, ridicule and contempt on their part. We should imitate the courage of our ancestors. What are we afraid of? Have we not faith in our institutions and the common sense of our people? Cannot we trust the jury trial even in the case of aliens; why not admit these candidates for deportation to a judicial hearing? Let us rely on eternal American methods, and not on these secret and summary processes we have been having during the last few months." Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge told the audience not to "mind people calling you radical, even Red" but "to think carefully, clearly, dispassionately." The Rev. Dr. Samuel Crothers said that "I believe the time has come to speak with no uncertain sound in defence of persons who have been unjustly treated and it is time for us to have a general act of amnesty that will cover political offenses. It is time also to turn to the big problems of the time, and not be trying by cheap futilities to crush out the expression of honest thought. If a person were to speak directly to the American people just plain common sense, we could stop this miserable panic."

The business of talking plainly has been nobly and effectively begun by Judge George W. Anderson. Judge Anderson said:

"Many—perhaps most—of the agitators for

* See Frazier, Golden Bough. Vol. I.

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the suppression of the so-called 'Red menace,' are, I observe, the same individuals, or class of forces, that in the years '17 and '18 were frightening the community to death about pro-German plots. I want to say something about the pro-German plots and their danger to America:

"I ought to know something about those plots. It was my duty to know as much as any man in New England could know. As United States Attorney from November, 1914, to October 15, 1917, I was charged with a large responsibility as to protecting the community from pro-German plots. In October, 1917, I went on the Interstate Commerce Commission; and was until the armistice in intimate personal association with the Attorney General, and with the men charged with responsibility as to discovering, preventing, and punishing pro-German plots. What I now say, I say entirely on my own responsibility; but I say it after exchanging views with many others having analogous responsibilities during this war period. If in fact the pro-German plots were no adequate basis for public fear, and for legislative and official activities against the right of individual and social liberty, it is quite possible that the Red menace, promoted in large part by the same notoriety-seeking individuals and newspapers, ought not to frighten us to death. Now, I assert as my best judgment, grounded on the information that I can get, that more than ninety-nine per cent of the advertised and reported pro-German plots never existed. I think it is time that publicity was given to this view. I doubt the Red menace having more basis in fact than the pro-German peril. I assert the significant fact that many of the same persons and newspapers that for two years were faking pro-German plots are now promoting 'The Red Terror.' . . . . I cannot say there will not be some bomb-thrower. A fraction of one per cent of the pro-German plots actually existed. There are Reds—probably there are dangerous Reds. But they are not half so dangerous as the prating pseudo-patriots who, under the guise of Americanism, are preaching murder, 'shooting-at-sunrise,' and to whom our church parlors and other public forums have hitherto been open. . . . . The heresy-hunter has throughout history been one of the meanest of men. It is time that we had freedom of speech for the just contempt that every wholesome-minded citizen has and should have for the pretentious, noisy heresy-hunter of these hysterical times."

In support of what Judge Anderson has to say we suggest that a challenge be issued by the sane people of each community to their leading newspapers. They might challenge such papers as the Boston Transcript, the New York Times, the New York Tribune, the Washington Post and others of that class to an extended and careful examination of their files for the last five years. The Hun plots and Red plots announced by them might be listed in one column marked "liabilities"; the proofs and the recantations in another column marked "assets". Judge Anderson, on the basis of three years experience as United States Attorney says that the assets will constitute a fraction of one per cent of the liabilities. Are they perhaps five per cent or even thirty per cent? It would be interesting to know. When the percentage is approximately determined, it may be left to the common sense of America to decide what percentage of inaccuracy constitutes a tendency to lie.

For the root of our troubles today is lying, official lying, unofficial lying, deliberate lying and imitative lying. The people of this country begin to know that. The Supreme Council at Paris acknowledges it. All the hysterical, all the infinite and intricate intolerance of these days originates in the central lie about Russia, a lie made possible by the exploitation of the patriotic zeal of a people who tolerated censorship and propaganda in the interests of a righteous war with imperial Germany. That zeal has been fraudulently imposed upon to foment and sustain an unrighteous war against the Russian people. To preserve the infamous blockade against a people pleading for peace, to instigate a fratricidal war among a torn and disorganized people, a monstrous and gigantic propaganda has been foisted upon mankind, and has poisoned the springs of its charity. The Russian lie is the father of lies. For lie, damned lie, it has been. It was a lie that the people of Russia were calling for military intervention. It was a lie that they believed in Kolchak and Denikin. It was a lie that they did not prefer the Soviet government to anything offered them by the Allied generals and the monarchist cliques. It was a lie that they had nationalized their women. It was a lie that they had nationalized their children. It was a lie that they proposed to invade a peaceful Europe. It was a lie that we went to repatriate the Czecho-Slovaks. It was a lie that we remained at Archangel to guard stores. It was a lie that Soviet Russia declined the Prinkipos proposal. It was a lie that Soviet Russia has not offered peace with honor and with guarantees.

And because these lies were the base of a policy of lawless invasion, disgraceful intrigue, bloodshed, devastation and famine, they have had to be established by every device known to panic and credulity. As a result of that lie a nation, solid and imper-

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turbable, has been wracked by persecution, by cowardice, by distrust. Its great problems are postponed; its great tasks not done; its responsibilities evaded, its house turned to bedlam, the humble oppressed, its ideals flouted, and the light that it held to the oppressed of mankind extinguished.

Special Legislation for Women Workers

IT is not alone in Albany, where Speaker Sweet is preparing again to throttle the Welfare bills, but throughout the country that men and women are asking themselves the question: What logical place remains for special protective legislation for women, now that the political disabilities of women are disappearing? Everyone admits at least the theoretical validity of protective legislation applying to labor as a class, irrespective of sex. It is generally agreed that we can not afford to leave the dangerous trades to the precarious regulation that may form part of the contract between employer and employee. But legislation for women as women in an age of sex equality, legislation limiting hours, prohibiting night work, fixing minimum wages: does not that savor of the old order, which is passing? It does, in the opinion of many persons more disinterested than the employers, more enlightened than the politicians, who are opposing the New York Welfare bills.

We shall not waste space on the purely logical aspect of the question. Special legislation for women was first instituted in England and has since extended to one industrial country after another, on grounds quite unrelated to the political disabilities of women. The British Ten Hours bill, passed in 1847, rested on the broad principle that excessive hours and night work were peculiarly injurious to women workers. Laws regulating the conditions of employment of women workers in this country have been upheld primarily on the ground of public health and social welfare, not on the ground that women have been without the protection of the vote. Legislators and judges have proceeded on the belief that extremely long hours and overstrain are injurious to women workers, and that the reaction upon social relations is pernicious. Possibly the old fashioned legislator or judge was too prone to see in woman "the weaker sex." Possibly he over-estimated the capacity of men for enduring overexertion and under-estimated that of women. These questions admit of scientific inquiry. But the fact remains that special legislation for women workers was introduced for other reasons than that of unenfranchisement, and can not be made by any purely logical process to fall away now that women are enfranchised.

The real problem lies deeper. Political equality without equality of economic opportunity is only the half of women's rights. Women will really be freed from the manifold handicaps of the old regime only when every artificial barrier to women's economic independence has been removed. There ought to be employment, at living wages, and wages equal to those paid to men for similar services, for every woman who desires a job and will meet the prevailing standards of performance. That is elementary. Now, the first question to be answered by those who support or oppose special legislation for the protection of women workers is this: Does it operate in the long run to restrict or to extend the opportunity of women to secure living work at living pay? That is not the only question, as economic independence is not the whole of life. But it is the question practically most relevant.

It may not be amiss to recall that there was no lack of opposition to special legislation on this very ground when the Ten Hours' bill was under discussion in England in 1847. Then as now there were not only manufacturers, but good liberals who argued that if women were not permitted to work as long hours as men they would be placed under a grave handicap in securing employment. On this ground more than any other John Bright pronounced the bill the most vicious piece of legislation that had ever been proposed in any country. The manufacturers and good liberals found themselves refuted by the event. Women were not generally thrown out of employment, though there were individual manufacturers who tried to save their faces by displacing women workers. The upward curve of women's employment in England was not even dented by the restriction upon the hours women could work. On the contrary, reason and experience conspire to prove that the effective field for women's work was broadened by the act. It went far toward creating a condition in which women could enter industry without paying with their health for the privilege. As matters stood before the act went into effect, thousands upon thousands of women entered industry, got worn out and replaced by other victims. That changed when the day was reduced to humanly endurable limits.

Women may be excluded from industry by excessive hours and overstrain and by starvation wages more effectively than they can be excluded by custom and law. And industry, if left to itself, though it needs women's labor, is incompetent to establish the conditions for itself under which women may work in health and contentment. That has been

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proved over and over in the history of every industrial country. Protective legislation has been necessary in order to give to the job a character that can appeal to women who are not driven into industry by extreme want. Such legislation is as necessary in the American states today as it ever was. It is as much the obligation of the states as it ever was to require the men who enjoy the privilege of the employer's status to conform to decent requirements as to both wages and hours.

But suppose they refuse to conform, and displace their women workers by men? They can not. They have to have labor, and there are not men enough to fill the jobs. Never in our history, except in the late war, have American employers complained so bitterly of the shortage of labor. We got little immigration during the war and the prospects of a great influx of workers from Europe are, from the employers' point of view, extremely dark. Hundreds of thousands of our alien workers are going back to Europe.

The industrial conditions of today point to an increasing, not a diminishing need for women workers. That means that the present time offers one of those rare opportunities when decent conditions of employment for women workers can be introduced and made permanent without even the temporary displacement of women. It is a thousand pities that at such a time the course of legislation in the most populous industrial state in the union should be subject to sabotage by a politician like Speaker Sweet whose economics is more antiquated and calamitous than even his politics. Yet he is not a Tsar, absolutely to veto every progressive measure he can not understand or understands too well, unless the rest of us, citizens of New York State, are serfs.

The Advocacy of Force and Violence

THE new inquisitors argue that their whole purpose is to prevent the overthrow of the government by force and violence. They are either mistaken or they are not candid. Plenty of law now exists against the overthrow of the government by force and violence. Section 332 of the U. S. Criminal Code punishes any one who "aids" in the commission of a crime; who "abets"; who "counsels"; who "commands"; who "induces"; who "procures". Section 6 punishes "two or more persons . . . who conspire to overthrow, put down, or to destroy by force the government of the United States, or to levy war against them, or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of any law of the United States." No language could be plainer. Nor could it more effectively expose the hollowness of the argument that the new legislation is to protect the American government from overthrow by force and violence. Legislation to do that is on the statute books. The United States has not waited a hundred and thirty-one years to make force and violence illegal.

The new inquisitors are in pursuit of something far different from power to protect America against force and violence. They are out to secure power to prosecute opinions which some one like Speaker Sweet might regard as "inimical" to the best interests of the state: they are proposing legislation so loosely drawn that an opinion can be prosecuted if an official thinks that it might under any circumstances lead any person to consider force and violence. The traditional doctrine upon which American freedom is based prosecutes hostile *acts;* and words only when they lead directly to such acts. The new legislation is aimed at the prosecution of opinion which *might indirectly be construed* as leading to a hostile act. The rule of law which has inspired American practice was laid down by the Supreme Court in the Schenck decision:

> The question in every case is whether the words are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent.

That is the principle which the frightened guardians and the nervous watchmen are attacking. Every aspect of this American rule of freedom annoys them. "The question in every case": they do not want every case to be examined separately; they want wholesale raids, and "drives." "Whether the words are used in such circumstances": they are in no mood to consider circumstances; for them as for primitive man words, names, symbols are magically potent. "A clear and present danger": they are too excited to prove that: a boy, his head full of dreams about the millennium, calls himself an anarchist because he disbelieves in all force, revolutionary or governmental; the law falls on him like a load of bricks not because he is "a clear and present danger" but because he has used the word "anarchist" in one of the less well-known meanings ascribed to it by the dictionary.

The rule enunciated in the Schenck decision is the conclusion of experience as to how under the complex circumstances of society, liberty and order can be reconciled. It is this rule which is at stake. It is *this* rule, and not any absolute rule of freedom, which all lovers of liberty are called upon to defend.

What is the defense? Why has experience led men to the conclusion that it is unwise to suppress

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words, except when they are directly and unmistakably the stimulus to a crime? Experience has led to the conclusion first because civilized men find that there is no very close connection between words and deeds. If one man says to another who has just stepped on his foot: "I'd like to murder you" only the Lusk Committee would ask for a warrant. When Mr. Roosevelt stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord, nobody in his senses went down to Oyster Bay to look for bombs. For in those comparatively reasonable days everybody who was listened to knew that most fervent movements, from the Salvation Army on, use warlike metaphors to enlist enthusiasm. "This is a fight between the people and the interests" . . . . "The people must recapture power from the politicians" . . . . "Down with the bosses" . . . . "A war against profiteers" . . . . "The capture of the state by the working class." That is the language of politics. Any one of those phrases might create force and violence. "The question in every case" says the Supreme Court is whether it does.

But the hysterics do not stop there. They are not content to attack phrases which in nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand cases in a million are nothing but the symbols of deep conviction. They argue that the abstract belief in certain doctrines is equivalent to advocating force and violence. Senator Poindexter thinks that a man who "advocates the Soviet Government of Russia" is a criminal. The argument is that such a belief constitutes advocacy of "lawless force" etc. The American doctrine hitherto has been that beliefs were no concern of the state. The new doctrine is that if you believe in anything, which as a matter of fact, could not be introduced except by force or violence, then you are outlawed. Hitherto you have been at liberty to believe in a monarchical form of government. As a matter of fact you could not introduce monarchy into America without force and violence. Hitherto you have been at liberty to believe whatever you chose to believe; you collided with the law only when you did something which was criminal. In future, if the witch doctors succeed, every word and every thought must pass official scrutiny because some words and some thoughts under certain circumstances may provoke certain individuals to commit crimes. That is what is meant, that is what has always been meant, by the abolition of freedom of speech and conscience.

The moment government officials can prosecute for beliefs, and not simply for acts or for words that are integral to acts, they enter a realm for which they are totally unfitted. It is intolerable that men who become postmasters or prosecuting attorneys for their eminent services to the party should have the smallest legal power over thought. They have all they can do if they confine themselves to enforcing the law against acts which endanger the public peace. No man is wise enough to be trusted with power over other men's beliefs. Let him prove that in a particular case a particular word has resulted in a particular act leading to a particular crime, and he is within his province. Beyond that he cannot and dare not go in a land where free men reside.

The government official must not deal with beliefs, or with discussion that is not directly the provocation of an overt act, because in the last analysis freedom of thought is the condition of human progress. The ages are eloquent with that truth and fierce in their condemnation of those who deny it. Thought is experimental. It is born of curiosity and of need and nourished by expression. The very essence of human reason is the ability to project mentally and to test imaginatively all the possible adjustments of man to his environment. Freedom is its condition, because only out of an abundance of possibilities can the mind select the most probable course. Inject into that process of testing and experiment the coarse hand of an official and the threat of punishment, and you thwart at its source the productivity of reason. It does not make the evil less that the persecution falls upon the humbler members of the state. For tyranny exercised anywhere reverberates everywhere. By the suppression of the most despised alien, the curse of sterility is laid upon the social effort of the whole community. The fears and the threats generated there traverse all layers of society, and men do not dare to think honestly and fearlessly about their subjects because they cannot help thinking about the punishment that awaits them. That is the reason why to civilized men intolerance is an unpardonable sin.

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The Storm Cellar*

WHEN in 1917 I first read the generalization about history, that in a war the belligerents are likely to exchange national characteristics, I was faintly interested. Just now my interest is grave. My own country illustrates most dramatically the bad end of the exchange. Germany and Russia, shedding their old despotisms, have a strong probability of settling into interesting democracies. England, not much injured mentally by the war, is leading the world in preparing for industrial democracy, as she has so long led the larger nations is political democracy. France is somewhat less free in mind than before the war, but the change is slight compared to ours. The United States in five years, mainly in three years, has passed into a despotic spirit comparable only to what Russia and Prussia were before 1914.

I know that for the fear, cruelty and vagueness now oppressing our country the reasons are excellent. Our repressivenesss is based on danger to the republic; on plots turned up by the police; on potential revolution; on the need of law and order; on patriotism. It is based on exactly the reasons always put forward by the German and Russian oligarchies. The excuse behind the reasoning, however, is slimmer than in either of the foreign despotisms. The Tsar actually was in constant physical peril. A Russian princess said to me: "Our first mistake was when we freed the serfs. Since then the peasants have been always thinking they could get more." The Kaiser and his shining ones faced not only the vengeance of France, the mysterious possibilities of Russia, the far seeing menace of England, but they dealt with a growth in socialism that was rapid and in their minds degenerate. We are a nation with natural resources undiminished; protected by the oceans; with centuries of British free tradition behind us; with all our hundred millions, except possibly one man in every million, accepting our general form of government; and yet we are abandoning the grand old Anglo-American traditions and taking over those of the Tsars and Kaisers.

Nor is that the worst. England from time to time has gone through panics of thought-control, but always there have been men of eminence to rise and defy the frightened animal, and such men have kept the country's spirit great. On my return to America last December what struck me was the silence of such liberal leaders as remain. A few editors, a few clergymen have kept their nerve. Even a few politicians and lawyers spoke a little after Charles E. Hughes took the lead. But how many, alas, whom we had counted liberal, have found one excuse and another for joining the pack and crying down the trail!

There are many forms of courage, of which we may distinguish three. That the physical form is highly developed in all modern nations, recent most heroic endurances have proved. If moral courage means the willingness to brave penalties in defense of simple moral convictions, that species is not so rare as intellectual courage, or willingness to make sacrifices for our own thought-out intellectual beliefs. In America this intellectual courage has shown itself in those realms in which we are interested. Many a business man has put his own lonely thought into execution. But mental independence has been singularly lacking in the general realms of thought, because for a long time we have not been interested in thought. In the present crisis, if we had possessed any seriousness about the bases of liberty, our leaders could not have been divided into those who helped to stampede the country into a pitiful Prussianism and those who acquiesced in the stampede.

I would not overstate the case, and therefore it should be added that many individuals have been kept silent not from cowardice, but from a sense of futility that is so often felt in American life by minorities. These persons feel that they have no power to lead the many out of their mania and that the public will of itself emerge when in the infinitude of God's wisdom the time is ripe. I wish to state their case fairly, and Ironquill has done it for them:

> "Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
> Where a brass-eyed bird-pup played.
> And that canine bayed
> At that zephyr, in a gay
> Semi-idiotic way.
> Then that zephyr, in about
> Half a jiffy, took that pup,
> Tipped him over, wrong side up,
> Then it turned him wrong side out.
>
> And it calmly journeyed thence,
> With a barn and string of fence."

The moral drawn by Ironquill is exactly that of the public at the present moment:

* A chapter from the book, The Advancing Hour, to be published in the spring by Boni & Liveright.

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"When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well known law:
Face the breeze but close your jaw.
Its a rule that will not fail.
If you bay it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you without doubt
Upside down and wrong side out."

Many of my friends who are not cowards have stayed in the storm cellar, not primarily because they found it safe, but because they felt that protest on their part would accomplish nothing and would further infuriate the public beast. We went through a similar stage in the war against Germany, although the temper, in ferocity, never equaled this, partly because nothing is so alarming as a threat against a bank account, more perhaps, because the German danger was thousands of miles away. In this case, on the contrary, our politicians and our newspapers have vied with one another in depicting the peril as crimson and as on our doorsteps. The enemy is at the gate; inside the gate; his machinations are the subject of proclamation after proclamation; patriotic addresses follow fast; and scare-heads know no end. I myself have no love of the storm cellar, but if I allowed myself a diet exclusively on American newspapers, I imagine I might succumb to discouragement and seek standardized peace.

Iago tells of a passion "That doth make the meat it feeds on." The tragedy of all others in this snarl is that our fears create the realities. First we have a fit, in which we see Lenin in every strike, Trotsky on every soap box, a wrecked civilization in every reform. As a result of this delirium we pass laws that combine inquisition with punishment for mere opinion. We deport a man without a trial because one inquisitor has reached the conclusion that this man calls himself an anarchist; that he disbelieves in force as a method of bringing about the world he dreams of; but that he looks forward to a remote future in which man will be so changed that there will not be even governmental force. We start a series of political booms, including booms for the Presidency, based on this passion; each candidate wishes to discover more Reds than any other candidate and to make more noise about it; prosecuting attorneys, legislators and judges sing epileptic patriotism; and George Bernard Shaw is justified in wondering why anybody stays in America with a free country only seven days away. Unhappy results are inevitable. The discontented labor elements become hopeless. This semi-legal lynching, this violent direct action by the predominant classes, inevitably removes whatever lingering respect may still exist for law and for established custom, and we see an increasing tendency towards sporadic violence and silly paper plots; so that we create what at first was the fright of a dream. Thus the propaganda of five years, first against Germans, then against communists, in taking away intelligence from the public becomes the cause of that kind of violence that is easy to see and to condemn. The silent acceptance of this drugging by our responsible men creates a condition where they have more reason to be afraid of defending our traditional legal and political safe-guards, because at any moment a Red idiot or collection of idiots may blow something up.

Nor have all the evil consequences of this hysteria yet been seen. Since my return I have consulted friends about the probable duration of the reaction. A few optimists think we have reached the extreme and shall soon change. The majority however think that our leaders will by no means allow the excitement to subside until after the June nominations. Many observers go further and believe there can be no return to mental integrity until after the election. Personally I fear that the turning point is still further ahead. The Republicans are likely to win in November; they are committed to create "order" in Mexico; and in following out that piece of patriotism they will lead us several years longer along the road to Prussian symmetry and to the best of all despotic worlds.

The situation being so unpromising how can we ask our trained citizen to lift his voice? Shall he endanger his money-earning power, the peace of his relatives, his own good name in a contest so unpromising? Is it not useless, suicidal, to be openly rational about industrial contests in the present times? I look back over my personal experiences in these recent years with some sadness and with some amusement. In the fall of 1914 I was losing readers and credit by criticising Germany. In 1917 I was branded as a defeatist for favoring the Stockholm Conference and for believing that a defeat of Germany, not carried too far, would leave her less dangerous then she would be if crushed, humiliated and demoralized. In 1918 I questioned some of the German atrocities, because I feared the remote results of our extravagant propaganda, and one earnest patriot who heard me speak in Rochester reported my speech to the Secret Service and I have no doubt it is in Senator Lodge's dossier against me. Some other patriot sent in the equally damaging opinion that I annoyed the French government in 1917 by writing that the French peasant then desired a settlement by universal understanding rather than by force. One becomes a stage vil-

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lain easily when the public is crazy. In 1919 the mania modified its form and because I believed Bolshevism could be ended only by peace, prosperity and contact, there were plenty of people to believe the charge fomented by Lodge, that I was an employee of the Moscow government. Before attempting to say why I think there is an obligation on the powerful, a noblesse oblige to stand out against the mob's blood-lust that the leaders have created, I ought in candor to admit that my own reason for refusing to be reduced to subjection is much less ethical than it is mere unwillingness to be bored. A life spent in sharing these successive spasms might be full of material comfort and of the prestige of being proper, but it would be an ennui so intense that more patience than mine would be required to manage the daily dullness. My sympathy is absolute, however, for two classes of the acquiescent. One class is composed of those who are so placed that if they do not conform they will see their families in genuine distress. The other is composed of those who have read our newspapers and drunk the propaganda for years with no facilities for getting at facts, so that they have come to see all the devils and dangers they are told to see, like a child reading Red Riding Hood. It is to neither of these classes that I appeal, but to men who have not lost the power to think and who also are so placed that they might be honest without losing the ability to feed and educate their young.

For such men there is no cause to which they could dedicate themselves so worthily as the cause of seeking roads away from Prussianism. Great nations did not fight this war to make the world safe for conformity. When Thomas Jefferson wrote his own epitaph he disdained to put on it any external honors. He did not mention that he had been Secretary of State, Vice-President or President of the United States. He told only that he had written two documents in favor of human liberty and had founded an institution for the higher learning.

When Daniel Webster picked out the thing that above all others he would leave to his posterity it was a record that in all circumstances he had favored freedom of opinion, in war as in peace, more essentially for opinions that were in bad repute. I wish I could remember who it was that warned the House of Commons against taking from the rattlesnake the rattle by which he gives warning of his approach, and leaving the sting with which he kills. In suppressing opinion we take away the rattle. In failing to put into practice new institutions needed by the time we leave the sting. I inquire only if a man has fighting blood in that part of him which dwells among ideas. If so, shall he not give battle for those conceptions of freedom handed down to us in the noble English tradition and carried along by the great names in our own history? Let us remember how Washington stood against a public propagandized by seven years of war when he refused to take sides in a later dispute between England and France; how Lincoln was one of only two men to vote right in the Illinois legislature on a bill that touched the most impassioned issue of that day. Is there among us in America none of that pride that makes famous Englishmen dissent from the enraged majority no matter how hot the issue? In a time like this to be free means for a while to be misunderstood. Why not? Is the intellectual life to be all flabby, with no rugged stretches? Is hardihood to exist only in the body? Let us hear the drum music of our own convictions. The ultimate call just now is to spirit. What can a man do better than to refuse to sell his integrity for a mean quiescence?

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

Gaily the Troubadour

WHEN the Democrats sit formally at meat they insist quite in the old spacious way on having their troubadours, minnesingers and jongleurs about them. They love their singers. They love the words and music. They set their course by sweet melody. They derive inspiration and moral sustenance from all their silver-tongued.

After all, there is an ineradicable and fundamental difference between a Democrat and a Republican. It goes deeper than any difference over political and campaign issues. It is a difference of temperament, of habit of thought, of attitude, and outlook on life. It is never so sharply and clearly revealed as at their conventions and their national committee meetings.

The Democratic National Committee was called to meet at Washington on Thursday, January 8th, to select a place of meeting for the national convention and, following the usual custom, held a dinner in the evening, which the Democrats prefer to call a "banquet." It befell as ordered, but to accommodate all of the melody-thirsty and music-loving, two dinners had to be held simultaneously in two hotels, with a "staggered" list of twelve speakers. As soon as a speaker had finished at one banquet he was hastened to the other to repeat his performance. Thus it came about that these devoted people sat under a steady deluge and torrent of oratory from eight o'clock in the evening until close on to three o'clock the following morning. During

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this whole time they sat under a roaring torrent and downpour of more or less incandescent words. And the incredible fact is to be recorded that they arose refreshed and stimulated.

All the famous troubadours of the party came from far and near. Of these Mr. Bryan is easily the chief. Of him the important thing to be set down at this juncture is that he is well and, as they say down in Virginia, "rearing to go." Like that other great singer who preceded him in the golden age of the troubadours, Raimbaut d'Aurenga, he can describe himself as "young-hearted, fresh, and in perfect health"; and I for one find him hard to resist when he bids the jongleurs strike up a lively air and begins his latest song:

> With wits refreshed and fresh desire,
> With knowledge fresh and freshened fire,
> In fine fresh style, that ne'er will tire
> A good fresh poem I'll begin;
> My fresh new verses will inspire
> Fresh life in every knight and squire,
> And freshen pulses old and thin!

As he stood there in the eddying tobacco smoke, facing a none too friendly crowd, I, his detached and long-time chronicler, knew that he meant to fare forth again among the constituencies and hoped that again I might be with him. For he is a real troubadour and as such is to be sung. Like Coeur de Lion, he is a born traveler. He finds refreshment and uplift in wayfaring along the open road; in the roar and bustle of arrival and departure at small towns where his coming and going is an event; the applause of friendly audiences, and the freedom from restraint. The open season for troubadours, such as he, is in the two mellow months preceding the November Presidential election. This is the time of the real singing. Bryan likes it all—the early rising, the crowded days, the bands, the turmoil, the shouting and applause. He does not mind the queer food, because, as I have noted of him before, he eats only milk toast in towns that do not have a first-class Presidential postmaster. He can sleep anywhere and at any time; sitting in a day coach, with two local committeemen talking to him, or, preferably, when he is in his own car, flat on his back in the aisle, with his collar loosened.

The world, as is well known, goes round and round, and thus it comes about that all sorts of things recur. The Marquis Albert of Malaspina, back in the golden ages, publicly taunted the great Raimbaut: "Tell me, Raimbaut, if it please you: is it a fact that the lady you have been singing so much about has jilted you, as people say?" And Raimbaut was able to sing: "Though love desert me I will achieve all the good I can; though I lose my lady I will not lose my fame and talent," and he sang again of his future and the battles to come:

> In heat and cold, to come and go,
> To trot and gallop, run and leap,
> To toil and suffer, scarce to sleep,—
> This is the life I'm now to know;
> My inn the roadside or the grove at best,
> With iron and steel and ashen spear oppressed,
> With stern sirvente instead of love and song,
> The weak will I defend against the strong.

There is no doubt about it. Mr. Bryan has yielded to the lure of the open road and intends, in the vernacular, "to go out among 'em." I do not think at this juncture he intends to be a candidate himself; perhaps he has not made up his mind, but he does intend to exercise all the power he can command to say who the candidate shall be and what he shall stand for. And again it is to be set down that Mr. Bryan is well, that he is perfectly well; that he is, indeed, in the pink of condition. His voice is as limpid and as melodic as ever. He had had a hair cut before the Jackson Day dinner and his locks no longer curl upward at the ends. It has made him look younger.

The best Mr. Bryan could find to say of Mr. Wilson at Paris was: "He did the best he could and succeeded better than we had any right to expect, when we remember that he fought single-handed against the selfish interests of the world." He made the "parade" of candidates look thin and unreal. It is a pity Mr. Wilson could not have been there. The one single point of interest in the whole affair was what Mr. Wilson would say and what Mr. Bryan would say about the League of Nations. These were the two solo parts. The rest was just community chorus singing.

Mr. Bryan betrayed how close prohibition lay to his heart. He lost his temper for a moment when his first dinner audience did not applaud Mrs. Peter Olesen's and his own reference to our national aridity. He said a funny thing. He said he would appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. This to a gathering facing seven hours of incessant oratory on nothing more stimulating than iced water.

Mrs. Peter Olesen, of Minnesota, for whom he took up the cudgels, will be remembered longer by the shorthand reporters who took down what she said than any of the other speakers at the meeting. They sat at an Alice-blue table on the platform, with the jazz band, behind the speakers. Mrs. Olesen is a charming, spirited, dark-haired little woman who, breaking from a standing start, went the first five furlongs in 1:31 flat, possibly a world's non-stop record, and averaging, I should say, three

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hundred and ten words to the minute without slurring a syllable. She drew up breathing as lightly as when she began. The stenographers finished neck and neck with her but they knew they had been in a race. A pretty match would be between Mrs. Olesen and Doctor Vincent, who used to be the president of the University of Minnesota. He also has the gift of rapid articulation.

Of the other minnesingers there is not much to be said even by the most conscientious of reporters. Of Champ Clark one got the impression that he is through; that he is tired of it all, and ready to call it a day's work. He has never been the same man since the Baltimore convention when he came so close to the great prize. I sat near him during the early part of the evening. His face was set like a mask of destiny, or fate. Only once did he cut his eyes up at Mr. J. Bruce Kremer, of Montana, who presided at one of the dinners, but I do not know whether the light in his eye was one of amusement or envy. Mr. Kremer is a young man, and he has that sort of crinkly crêpe-de-chine hair that William Faversham had. He is a gifted talker in a party of gifted talkers, and more will be heard of him. As for the others, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Josephus Daniels, Mr. Atlee Pomerene, Senator Owen, Senator Hitchcock, Governor Cox, they came and displayed their wares as arranged, but there were no purchasers and probably will be none until Mr. Bryan indicates a choice.

Everybody went away home in the early morning with the one clear impression that the Peerless Leader was as fit as a fiddle and oh, so interested in the future of the Democratic party and its choice of a candidate. They all knew, too, what that meant.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

After the Strike

THE strike has gone, but some things stay. One of them is the Roman Catholic Church.

The strike was a strike so much by Catholics that it could almost be called, in personnel, a Catholic strike.

Certain priests in the Pittsburgh district preached famously against it. If they were not famous before, they became famous then. Some other priests were quite different. I remember hearing one of them say:

"The trouble with us is we ought to strike better. Of course the men are doing their best. In my congregation only three men have gone back to work. The rest are all sticking after being out ten weeks. But it's too slow. We ought to be organized better. This American Federation of Labor way is no good. Twenty-four unions are too much. I never saw an I. W. W., but from what I've read of them I'll say that one of their ideas is right. We ought to have just one union—one big industrial union—just one."

This priest, rather clearly, was more or less for the strike, as well as more for a strike with a swifter punch. He did not become famous. Incidentally, however, it is to be noted that he did not become infamous. He had his collar on.

The Roman Catholic clerical collar seems to be just about the one almost sure-fire license to say what you think in this moment of intellectual terrorism. Newspapers which fall upon the wearer of any other sort of collar and prove him a prodigy of evil if he suggests any really structural change in existing capitalism were perfectly silent and did not gnash one single tooth when the Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council suggested formally and with much circumstance that it would be very well if gradually we should get some industries owned and managed by the workers themselves.

I do not begrudge the Roman Catholic clergy their apparent immunity from being Bolsheviks no matter what they think. I only wish that the priests of my own part of the Church, whose collars after all are clerically just as good, and whose credentials I naturally believe to be apostolically just as good, would go and get the rest of the license from wherever it is got.

By virtue of it my Roman Catholic priest who talked about One Big Union escaped all infamy in the newspapers. He also, by virtue of being in favor of the strike, escaped all notoriety of any kind. The newspapers of his town did not quote him. He remained unrebuked and also unnoticed. He was so unnoticed that even the strike-leaders had never heard of him. Yet he was an extremely important part of the strike in his town. His people came to him constantly to ask him what to do next.

I remember hearing another priest say:

"What we need is shorter strikes and more of them. Send the men back. Let them earn some money. Then call them out for a month. Then let them go back. Then call them out again. And

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keep it up, back to the mills and out on strike, till Mr. Gary gets some Christianity into him."

I saw even Protestant strikers going to this priest's church to hear him preach for the strike. "It's pitiful," he said, "to see them trying to cross themselves." As for his own Catholic strikers, they were always at the doors of his parish-house for counsel.

The fact is that the priests who rose in such fame to save their parishioners from the strike and Old Nick Lenin were altogether negligible in comparison with the priests who simply quietly accepted the strike or else industriously and fervently supported it. The fact is further that not by one pastoral letter did the episcopacy condemn the strike. The Church as a Church, unlike the Steel Corporation as a Steel Corporation, did not see in this strike a grave danger to Christian morals. And the fact is finally that the Church's own declared Catholic principles are a continuing nursery for the next strike.

Those principles, as declared by the Bishops of the National Catholic War Council, began to be much on the lips of Catholics even in this strike. There was an occasion, for instance, when a sermon by a priest against the strike was brought to the desk of another priest for answer. The fact of the sermon was notorious, but the answering priest was bland.

"Ah, my friends," said he, "this is terrible. Let me read to you out of the Bishops' 'Social Reconstruction Program.' You see that these Bishops are for collective bargaining; and then, beyond collective bargaining, they are for greater representation of Labor in the industrial part of business management; and then, beyond representation in management, they are for working toward an effort to have some industries in which the workers themselves will be the owners. And the rest of the hierarchy has never said one word against these bishops and their program. So you can see for yourselves! You've made a terrible mistake. This sermon was written by some Protestant with a name just like the father's. You must go and apologize to him. And now just remember for yourselves. This strike is so far within the Catholic Social Reconstruction Program and so far short of its full spirit that I'm almost ashamed of it."

The bishop who headed the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council is now heading the Department of Social Action in the reorganized National Catholic Welfare Council. He is Bishop Muldoon of Rockford. His Department will address itself continuously to the issues between Labor and Capital. And his special technical adviser will be Father Ryan, of the Catholic University at Washington, who is certainly a most special technical authority on those issues, and who did not fail to follow them in the steel strike.

He thought that the strikers ought to have heeded President Wilson and ought not to have struck in advance of the meeting of the Industrial Conference last October; but he also thought, in the Catholic Charities Review, editorially, that the "insidious propaganda" in the steel strike—and in the coal strike—was a propaganda for taking "the unrest and agitation of Labor" and for taking "the insignificant revolutionary varieties of unionism" and for "playing them up as a deep and wide conspiracy against our institutions" in order that the propagandists might so be able to execute their purpose of "discrediting all unionism," including "conservative unionism"—a "diabolical purpose," says Father Ryan—and a purpose which "by many indications" seems to have been "deliberately fostered by the bourbon elements among the employing classes."

Now Father Ryan has written more arguments against Socialism, I suppose, than almost anybody else in America; and as for Bishop Muldoon, I have never met a man more averse to wreck and ruin and more inclined and determined toward stability in the world. But Bishop Muldoon is determined also, or therefore, toward actively spreading the principles of the Social Reconstruction Program before the eyes of priests and laymen; and so is Father Ryan.

I now make my little journalistic guess that millions of Catholics (members of a religion which has a great knack of scattering its services through all hours of the day and night and of scattering its feasts and fasts and commemorations through all the days of the year and of constantly interfering with one's diet and sleep) will increasingly know, with a week-day knowledge, the saving essence of the indubitable tradition of historic Catholic Christian economics.

The Catholics in steel mills will increasingly know it. They will know it better this year than last. They will know it better next year than this. Year by year, month by month, of its own motion among them when not by instruction, they will know it better and better. And no matter how successful the United States Steel Corporation may be in abolishing the civil liberties of the state of Pennsylvania, it will have more difficulty abolishing the Roman Catholic Church.

And, besides, it would be sorry if it did abolish it. There are several things besides the Roman Catholic Church which have survived the strike. There is, for instance, the I. W. W.

The I. W. W., in addition to having a certain

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idea about organization (an idea which moderate people can easily hold), has also certain other ideas which are quite well-known to afford great difficulty to moderate pople, but especially to owners of industrial enterprises, including mills. In western Pennsylvania, during the strike, certain I. W. W.s issued a real I. W. W. manifesto. It attacked the strike. It warned the strikers not to trust the American Federation of Labor. The American Federation of Labor would fail. Then the I. W. W. would show them how to go at the United States Steel Corporation.

Well, the American Federation of Labor can hardly claim that it won. There is a vacancy. Several I. W. W.s will hasten into it. They will endeavor to hasten into it in many places. They will mean more vigils for Mr. Gary, more detectives, more reports of detectives, more mystification in mill-offices caused by reading the reports of detectives, and the growth in some mill-workers' cottages of a spirit much fiercer than the spirit of the last strike.

And then there is the organization called the United Mine Workers. It is an earnest organization, and disciplined; and much of it lives quite adjacent to steel-mills and is greatly interested in organizing steel-mills, because non-union steel-mills are seen owning non-union mines and in order to organize the mines one should organize the mills. I noticed that the United Mine Workers had their organizers very numerously present in this last strike in the mills; and I heard miners a hundred miles from any mill say: "Now! I'll tell you what we ought to do. We ought to take all the money that Judge Anderson has saved for us in the treasury of the union and spend it on the steel strike."

The union of the mine-workers can be regarded as a country lying on the flank of the country of the steel-owners and ready to give considerable support to any internal rising against those owners at any time.

And then, again, in Pennsylvania, in the capital state of the steel-owners, there is the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor and Mr. James H. Maurer, its president. They are not so placid as they might be if they liked a government in Pennsylvania by one class and by the class that now governs.

They are not placid at all. They are imitative. Seeing that they live under a class-government which has turned even free speech into the exclusive private property of the members and supporters of its own class, the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor and Mr. Maurer are well on their way toward having a political class-organization for Labor likewise. They have been taking a referendum, local union by local union, man by man, on the Labor party, Yes or No. I learn that up to date 106,166 unionists have now voted in this referendum. Only 324 of them have gone No. All the rest have gone Yes.

Now it is going to be difficult for the United States Steel Corporation to prevent the Labor party from soliciting votes in steel towns. And it is going to be difficult to prevent a steel-worker who has joined the Labor party from wanting to join a union. The Labor party of Pennsylvania will be a hostile province within the country of the steel-owners and at the very ears of its subjects.

And there is still the American Federation of Labor, and its committee for organizing the steel-workers, and the new chairman of that committee, Mr. Brown. Mr. Foster retires, and he is succeeded by a man who struck me as being no better than Mr. Foster in notions about the life and end of man.

I am confirmed in my view of him by an answer I hear he made to a difficulty which was brought up before a committee—a committee, I think, of the Inter-Church World Movement. This difficulty was keenly felt by the mill managers. An eight-hour day would not suffice for the production of all the steel the country was demanding. Mr. Brown reflected and said: "Then we shall have to use some wood."

This man would cut down our production of steel on behalf of the physical and mental health of steel-workers. He will be laboring in steel districts, along with his committee and his committee's agents.

Above all, though, there will be the fear and hate in the hearts of steel-workers for the absolutism of mill-foremen and mill-superintendents. I shall never forget the scream of mockery of laughter that followed a certain narrative glancing at foremen in a mass-meeting of strikers at Johnstown.

The owners of the business of Johnstown had forced certain strike-leaders to leave town not on any charge whatsoever of violence or other illegality but on the specific charge of being "outside agitators." They had then imported on their own account a certain minister from New England named Campbell. This Mr. Campbell was introduced to Johnstown by the "Johnstown Leader" as "the noted traveler and reasoner." In the "Johnstown Leader" he reasoned from point to point as follows:

"All strikes have been broken up by non-union men. We are, I wish to emphasize it, a God-fearing country."

I therefore came near crediting the narrative I

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heard about him at the mass-meeting. A striker rose and said that at a certain hall he had heard Mr. Campbell say:

"The only place where your wages can be raised is the mill. Go back to the mill with a heart full of love for your foreman."

The laughter that followed, the quality of it, the toothed edge of it, was plentifully instructive. And I heard that laughter again whenever the "company union," belonging to the steel plant in Johnstown, was mentioned.

The men thought of it as belonging to the plant. The motion of their thinking was in the depths of changeless instincts. The company union was made by or in or around the plant. The plant was not theirs. They had no control of ownership in the plant. Their instinct of ownership recoiled away from the plant to the possession of some working organization elsewhere surely theirs, theirs surely and wholly.

Now the Cambria Steel Company is victorious. Now the United States Steel Corporation is victorious. Now amid fear, hate, I. W. W. organizers, A. F. of L. organizers, United Mine Workers looking and waiting, members of the Labor party walking to and fro, Catholics filling the mills, and Catholic economic principles filling the air, the United States Steel Corporation goes forward on its historic mission of trying to keep this half-union country half non-union.

There is only one certainty in that mission—trouble.

In the hour of trouble the Roman Catholic Church will again lay her hand on the hands of the faithful. The strikers in this last strike had hands tempted by every human device to every human response. These strikers were Catholics, practicing Catholics; and for being foreigners, and degraded, and vicious, and savages, they were reviled and spat upon by the world and scourged in blood by the authorities. Bullied, provocatively and bloodily bullied, on peaceful streets and in the cells of jails, they made their response. I think the Roman Catholic priests of Pennsylvania, on behalf of their parishioners, ought to ask the authorities of Pennsylvania to issue just one more statement:

A list of names and addresses of all strikers actually judicially tried for actual violence and actually judicially convicted.

It will be enough. I entertain the superstitious belief that no mass of men will ever come so close to the counsel "Resist not evil" without the presence of the author of that counsel. The Roman Catholic priests preached Him. They preached Him. They preached peace on earth. They preached peace to the hands of men, and I hope they were right in preaching "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

But in the hour of the trouble to come I will say with lay lips that the Church will do something more, and will already have done something more, if her duty is done, than to preach peace. She will have preached that the doctrine of the United States Steel Corporation is monopoly and absolutism and that the doctrine of the religion of God is the access of man to the earth and access to it in competent freedom by whatever institutions at any time are necessary to secure that access and to establish that freedom, individualist or collective, in the collectivity of the following of Jesus Christ. The final Christianizing of Christendom is the making of institutions which by an act of faith presume and bring it about that Christendom is Christian. If the preaching of that faith, if the preaching of the doctrine that mankind can today regain access to the earth only through representatives of its own very choosing, if such preaching, if the declaring by bishops of the bishops' doctrine of collective bargaining is resisted, is refused, then those who refuse and resist are those who in the eye of eternity declare the war. The trouble is theirs. They are of those who live on this earth to verify Jesus Christ's knowledge of men and knowledge of his own teachings when, besides bringing peace, he said: "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

WILLIAM HARD.

Carvings of Cathay

All the world was near today . . .
The waves were carvings of Cathay
Thrown and broken at my feet,
And these old desert-sands were sweet
With dead pagodas, buried tiles
And ocean-grass for miles and miles.

Every little tuft of green
Was a brush-stroke on a screen,
Mounds and dunes made a redoubt
For keeping all the Tartars out,
And a temple-cloud was dim
On the sea's imperial rim.

This, the ocean I was on,
Confucius witnessed from T'ai-Shan,
The knees of Buddha made the sign
Of calm that I composed with mine,
And as many as the sands
Were Kwan-Yin's mercies and her hands.

I could hear a dragon-whelp
Mewing in a maze of kelp,
Gulls, with turnings, flashes, flares,
Filled the wind like paper prayers,
And capping me, like Him, from sun,
The snails of thought crawled, one by one.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Of Pleasant Things

WHEN I was a child we lived on the border of the town and the road that passed our windows went in two ways. One branch ran up the hill under the old city gateway and out through the mean city "lanes." The other branch turned round our corner and ran into the countryside. Day and night many carts lumbered by our windows, in plain hearing. In the daytime I took no pleasure in them, but when I woke at night and the thick silence was broken by the noise of a single deliberate cart it filled me with a vague enchantment. I still feel this enchantment. The steady effort of the wheels, their rattle as they pass over the uneven road, their crunching deliberateness, gives me a sense of acute pleasure. That pleasure is at its highest when a solitary lantern swings underneath the wagon. In the old days the load might be coal, with the colliery-man sitting hunched on the driver's seat, a battered silhouette. Or the load might be from the brewery, making a start at dawn. Or it might be a load of singing harvest-women, hired in the market square by the sweet light of the morning. But not the wagon or the sight of the wagoner pleases me, so much as that honest steady homely sound coming through the vacancy of the night. I like it, I find it friendly and companionable, and I hope to like it till I die.

The city sounds improve with distance. Sometimes, in lazy summer evenings, I like the faint rumble, the growing roar, the receding rumble of the elevated, with the suggestion of its open windows and its passengers relaxed and easy after the hot day. Always I like the moaning sounds from the river craft, carried so softly into the town. But New York sounds and Chicago sounds are usually discords. I hate bells—the sharp spinsterish telephone bell, the lugubrious church bell, the clangorous railway bell. Well, perhaps not the sleigh bell or the dinner bell.

I like the element of water. An imagist should write of the waters of Lake Michigan which circle around Mackinac Island: the word crystal is the hackneyed word for those pure lucent depths. When the sun shines on the bottom every pebble is seen in a radiance of which the jewel is a happy memory. In Maine lakes and along the coast of Maine one has the same visual delight in water as clear as crystal, and on the coast of Ireland I have seen the Atlantic Ocean slumber in a glowing amethyst or thunder in a wall of emerald. On the southern shore of Long Island, who has not seen the sumptuous ultramarine, with a surf as snowy as apple-blossom? After shrill and meagre New York, the color of that Atlantic is drenching.

The dancing harbor of New York is a beauty that never fades, but I hate the New York skyline except at night. In the daytime those punctured walls seem imbecile to me. They look out on the river with such a lidless, such an inhuman stare. Nothing of man clings to them. They are barren as the rocks, empty as the deserted vaults of cliff-dwellers. A little wisp of white steam may suggest humanity, but not these bleak cliffs themselves. At night, however, they become human. They look out on the black moving river with marigold eyes. And Madison Square at nightfall has the same, or even a more ethereal, radiance. From the hurried streets the walls of light seem like a deluge of fairy splendor. This is always a gay transformation to the eye of the citydweller, who is forever oppressed by the ugliness around him.

Flowers are pleasant things to most people. I like flowers, but seldom cut flowers. The gathering of wild flowers seems to me unnecessarily wanton, and is it not hateful to see people coming home with dejected branches of dogwood or broken autumn festoons or apple-blossoms already rusting in the train? I like flowers best in the fulness of the meadow or the solitude of a forsaken garden. Few things are so pleasant as to find oneself all alone in a garden that has, so to speak, drifted out to sea. The life that creeps up between its broken flagstones, the life that trails so impudently across the path, the life that spawns in the forgotten pool—this has a fascination beyond the hand of gardeners. Once I shared a neglected garden with an ancient turtle, ourselves the only living things within sight or sound. When the turtle wearied of sunning himself he shuffled to the artificial pond, and there he lazily paddled through waters laced down with scum. It was pleasant to see him, a not too clean turtle in waters not too clean. Perhaps if the family had been home the gardener would have scoured him.

Yet order is pleasant. If I were a millionaire —which I thank heaven I am not, nor scarcely a millionth part of one— I should take pleasure in the silent orderliness that shadowed me through my home. Those invisible hands that patted out the pillows and shined the shoes and picked up everything, even the Sunday newspapers—those I should enjoy. I should enjoy especially the guardian angel who hid from me the casualties of the laundry and put the surviving laundry away. In heaven there is no laundry, or mending of laundry. For the millionaire the laundry is sent and the laundry is sorted away, blessed be the name of the millionaire. I envy him little else. Except, perhaps, his linen sheets.

The greatest of all platitudes is the platitude that life is in the striving. Is this aspiration alto-

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gether true? Not for those menial offices so necessary to our decent existence, so little decent in their victims or themselves. But one does remember certain striving that brought with it almost instant happiness, like the reward of the child out coasting or the boy who has made good in a hard, grinding game. It is pleasant to think of one's first delicious surrender to fatigue after a long day's haul on a hot road. That surrender, in all one's joints, with all one's driven will, is the ecstasy that even the Puritan allowed himself. It is the nectar of the pioneer. In our civilization we take it away from the workers, as we take the honey from the bees—but I wish to think of things pleasant, not of our civilization. Fatigue of this golden kind is unlike the leaden fatigue of routine or of compulsion. It is the tang that means a man is young. If one gets it from games, even golf, I think it is pleasant. It is the great charm that Englishmen possess and understand.

These are ordinary pleasant things, not the pleasant things of the poet. They barely leave the hall of pleasant things. A true poet, I imagine, is one who captures in the swift net of his imagination the wild pleasantnesses and delights that to me would be running shadows quickly lost to view. But every man must bag what he can in his own net, whether he be rational or poetic. For myself, I have to use my imagination to keep from being snared by too many publicists and professors and persons of political intent. These are invaluable servants of humanity, admirable masters of our mundane institutions. But they fill the mind with rules. They pave the meadows with concrete, they lose the free swing of pleasant things.

F. H.

A COMMUNICATION

An Open Letter to Attorney General Palmer

SIR: In the days of the old New England town meeting, which was the womb of our nation, each individual had an equal liberty of delivering his opinion, says a writer of the period, and was not liable to be silenced or browbeaten by a richer or greater townsman than himself.

May I, for the purpose of this open letter, consider that we are in such an honest-to-goodness democratic meeting, and that you are the chairman of it, and speak my mind to you?

I must speak out. It is with me, at this critical moment of the denouement of the tremendous democratic drama—"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"—now playing to crowded houses, not only on the stage of America but the whole world, as it was with young Elihu in the ancient drama of Job. After keeping silence through thirty-one chapters he rises to speak. Among other things he says, substantially: "There is a spirit in man, in all men. This spirit is no respecter of titles or persons. It is intensely democratic. It comes from the Almighty, not aristocratically, but democratically. It gives understanding to plain people, and by no means merely to *ex-plain* people. Great men, indeed, are not always wise. Sometimes the Almighty chooses the foolish and weak things of the world to confound the wise and mighty. Sometimes He sets his choice upon base things, even upon despised things, yea, even upon things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. This divine, up-springing democratic spirit, which is within me, constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak. I must speak or burst."

That is just my state. *I Must Speak or Burst.* It is interesting to me to know that Dr. Arnold of Rugby, used often to feel just that way, say so, and then speak his mind without fear or favor.

Were you an impatient chairman, blind and deaf to the mighty sights and sounds that seeing eyes and hearing ears see and hear today, and too obfuscated to put two and two together, you would be tempted, at this juncture, to give way to pettishness, and try to squelch me by shouting at me, "Burst and be d——d!"

Let me take it for granted, for the purposes of this open letter, that you are not a political or social blind and deaf man, not obfuscated, not given to pettishness, not impatient. It would be a serious matter indeed were it otherwise. It would be worse than scandalous. It would be an overcordial welcome to avoidable national calamity were you such a man. For you happen to be Attorney General of the United States. As such, you are in a peculiar sense the medium through which not only a hundred million pairs of American eyes, but the earnest eyes of the whole world, see American Justice. At an hour in which the cry for Human Justice is ascending to the throne of the Eternal Just One, and shaking the seats of the mighty on earth, as never before, you happen to be the person upon whom the great responsibility devolves, of speaking and acting in such a manner as to commend American Justice to the innate sense of justice in the bosoms of our vast and varied citizenship, to the strangers within our gates—here, for the greater part, by urgent invitation, and to the citizens of our neighbor nations throughout the world for whose opinions we expressed a "decent respect" with our first national breath. It needs a clear, cool, level head, a good enough imagination to visualize not only men and women at work, but men, women and little children in their homes, and a sound human heart, to enable a man to measure at all up to the responsibilities of such a position at such a time. A mere proverbial Philadelphia lawyer in such a position would be a mischievous misfit.

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I shall take it for granted, for the purposes of this open letter, that you have the proper qualifications to serve acceptably as chairman of the imaginary town meeting at which I am supposed to be speaking. It certainly would be the height of unwisdom and unconcern for the well-being of one's fellows for anyone in a place of authority to tell the men and women of this generation who feel as I do to "Burst and be d——d!" If for no other reason, for this sufficient reason, that if the advice were taken, and the explosion followed, it would throw this earth out of its moral orbit for a century to come. It is treason to humanity to treat the deep, world-wide moral indignation of our time, now silent, now myriad-mouthed, with scorn, or amusement, or complacency. To treat it with high-handed cruelty—Well, let any one interested in the outcome of that method of procedure call up the Tsar, and ask him. He has experimental knowledge—to burn.

But I must come to the point. I am on my feet, Sir, to voice my strong and indignant protest against certain recent activities of the Department of Justice. I speak as an American citizen who loves the land to which his ancestors came some two hundred years ago better than life itself. I also speak as an American who has a deep and understanding love of essential American institutions and honorable American traditions. Let me say frankly, in passing, that I am not (nor do I pretend to be) under the strange delusion that the capitalistic system, with its category of crimes against American manhood and womanhood and childhood, is an essential American institution. Capitalism (which puts money above manhood, the rights of property above the rights of humanity) is no more an essential American institution than chattel slavery was. England was not less but more herself after the overthrow of the worst features of feudalism, and America will be not less but more herself after the destruction of the worst features of capitalism. Certainly America was more herself after the abolition of chattel slavery. It is bad Americanism if it is not sheer dishonesty to try to cram down the throats of present or prospective Americans that the capitalistic tyranny that now flourishes like a deadly upas tree in this land is an essential American institution. No small part of the heroic fight of our Revolutionary sires was against just such a capitalistic tyranny, which then had its stronghold in London. It was only after they lost their fight against the British Board of Trade that they began their fight against the British King. It would be perfectly intolerable for any group of politicians who happened to be installed for a time in Washington to nail the Stars and Stripes to the capitalistic system, and then declare every enemy of that system an enemy of the United States government. If that were done, one of two things would happen. Either the politicians would be thrown out, or the government they had debauched would be turned upside down to the end that it might be set right side up. Of course I believe "the rascals" would be thrown out, whether Democrats or Republicans, or even a combination of the two. So far as there is any talk about overthrowing the government, it comes largely from the fact that Big Business has succeeded in convincing an insignificant group of so-called radicals among us that the capitalistic system is an essential and fundamental American institution, and that its creed of greed is the American creed, and nobody in Washington seems to be wise and brave enough to disabuse their minds of the degrading and disintegrating heresy. Consciously or unconsciously, Washington, which seems at the moment to be "altogether on a smoke," instead of helping to clear up matters, is lending itself to the creation of a smoke screen for Big Business.

But let me return. Like Elihu I am so "full of matter," Sir, it is difficult to hold myself down. I was saying I made my protest as a loyal American citizen. Let me add to what I have already said, that I am one of those Americans brought up with a profound, an almost reverent regard for those functions of our government that have to do with the administration of justice. To this day I feel a stain upon the honor of our courts or departments of justice, national or state, as a wound. For instance, the unspeakably shameful "frame-up" of Tom Mooney by District Attorney Fickert of San Francisco, aided and abetted by the Chamber of Commerce of that city, rankles in my soul like a poisoned dagger; and the pain increases day by day as I awake to find the State of California persisting in her flagrant shame even after President Wilson's plea for a new trial. Mooney behind the bars and Fickert and his accomplices at large! That is a strain upon any man's respect for American justice.

I hardly need to say that the particular activities of the Department of Justice that have so deeply offended me are those connected with what the press speaks of as the "Raids upon the Reds." I cannot forbear remarking, in passing, that the language employed by the Associated Press in describing certain of these raids is a disgrace to any civilized people. If there are schools of crime in America, the final resting place of some of these dispatches will be in some Child's Criminal Reader used in these schools. Fagin would have rejoiced to see their day.

My chief grounds of objection to these so-called Raids upon the Reds (is it certain that future historians will not speak of them as a sort of St. Bartholomew's Day for the Strangers Within Our Gates?) are the following:

First. I believe them to be quite unnecessary. Certainly no sufficient reasons for such extraordinarily un-American conduct on the part of the Department of Justice has been made public. I am not the least bit impressed by the heavy villain stuff on which the public has been fed, especially since the beginning of the steel strike. How any American who is familiar with the history of the rise and fall of the infamous Alien and Sedition acts of 1798 (and incidentally with the permanent downfall of the Federal party that perpetrated those cruel and cowardly legal crimes against the American spirit) can be impressed, I cannot understand; unless it is that some of our brethren who stayed at home are just now beginning to feel the effect of the gun-fire that ceased considerably over a year ago, and are now suffering from acute shell-shock. Certainly the present hysteria cannot continue many more days without seriously impairing our faith in such absolutely fundamental American things as the Declaration of Independence and our own Bills of Rights.

So far as I have been able to learn the worst charges

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(that one can take at all seriously) brought against the victims of these raids is that they are supposed by the Department of Justice to hold certain opinions, or to have used or approved of certain language, that, in the opinion of the Department, threatened the very existence of the United States government—a government supported by upwards of a hundred million souls—ninety-five per cent of whom General Leonard Wood believes to be "straight." "Humans are ninety per cent good," says George F. Johnson, of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation who employs fifteen thousand of them. I hold it to be the sheerest nonsense that the government of the United States is in any such danger as the Attorney General thinks, or pretends to think, it is. While I understand and sympathize with the feeling of injustice that is responsible for the ideas supposed to be held by some of those against whom the Department of Justice is waging such mighty guerilla warfare, I take no stock in the ideas themselves. I should say that there are a good hundred million of us who are perfectly immune to them, and would be equally so had the present head of that Department never been born.

But, say some of the timid folk, the "Reds" or the "Bolshevists" have been carrying on propaganda against the government! Well, for the sake of argument, let's grant that they have. Let's grant that Mr. Martens has lost no opportunity of speaking well of Soviet Russia, and that he and other Russians have succeeded in convincing a small or a larger group of Americans that there are positive virtues in that form of government, and that America would do well to look into it, and possibly to adopt it. Surely no American, in a normal frame of mind, is so poor a believer in the Declaration of Independence, in our National Constitution, in our essential American institutions and honorable American traditions, as to be disturbed by this sort of cracking up of the new Russian social and political wares.

Another consideration. How about ourselves as propagandists? Has any nation on earth ever gone beyond us in trying to propagate its principles? Have not Americans for the past hundred and forty years talked up American principles in every corner of the earth? And have we not rejoiced with great joy when the American seed we sowed sprang up and bore revolutionary fruit in less favored lands?

Thomas Jefferson, once regarded as the greatest among the great in the Democratic party, even while serving as Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris from 1785 to 1789, under the reign of Louis XVI, did his utmost to propagate American ideas in France. He published his Notes on Virginia, surcharged with Republican principles, and his Acts of Religious Freedom, in Paris, in both English and French. He was in the closest touch with all the leading French Republicans. He even carried his propaganda into the hovels of the French peasants. But was he not reprimanded for this? Not exactly. He was called home, after the fall of the Bastille, and made Secretary of State. Next he was elected Vice President. Then he was twice elected President. It was this same Jefferson who could find no language sufficiently strong in which to express his abhorrence of the Alien and Sedition acts. Among other things he said he believed their "nullity as absolute and palpable as if Congress had ordered us all to fall down and worship a golden image." At his first opportunity he liberated all who had suffered imprisonment under these nefarious acts, and did his best to make amends to Samuel Adams and other distinguished men, who had been the victims of the American Inquisition.

My second reason for objecting so strongly to these activities of the Department of Justice is that they are doing more to discredit the good name of American Justice, both at home and abroad, than anything that has happened since the death in disgrace of the Alien and Sedition acts of 1798. I do not say that my feelings on this subject are fairly representative of American feeling at the moment. I know that there is more or less hysteria among us just now. But I know from the history of the Alien and Sedition acts of 1798 that American feeling will right itself in the near future, that it will be thoroughly ashamed of the panic of fear into which it was thrown, and of the cruelty which grew out of it. I also feel sure that it will punish those who took advantage of its panic to put America to open shame.

In the mean time, the activities of the Department of Justice are making the very name of American Justice hateful to the minds of many of those without whose loyalty our nation would be greatly weakened, and putting a cruel and unnecessary strain upon the hearts of some of the most loyal among us. The way in which these raids have been planned and carried out could hardly be more distasteful to the normal American heart if they had proceeded from the Department of Justice of Russia under the Tsar.

In closing let me commend to your consideration the following excerpts from Jefferson's first Inaugural: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON.

Baltimore, Maryland.

CORRESPONDENCE

Burning Heretics

SIR: In discussing with otherwise well informed persons the recent raids organized by the Department of Justice against undesirable aliens, I have discovered that the legal aspects of these measures are not fully appreciated.

The federal authorities proceed apparently under the act of October 6, 1918, which directs the deportation of all aliens who (among other categories) are anarchists or disbelieve in all organized government.

This constitutes an entirely new departure in our law. Hitherto aliens had been subject to deportation only if they either had come unlawfully into this country, or had since their lawful entry become in some manner delinquent, defective or dependent, or—under the act of 1917—had engaged in the practice (forbidden to them) of leading or advocating anarchy.

Now for the first time in the history of the government, aliens lawfully in this country, and no matter how long they may have been domiciled here, are to be proceeded against solely by reason of belief or opinion, irrespective of conduct.

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I do not dispute the power of the government to expel aliens whose opinions or whose faces Congress dislikes, but I do question whether they may be treated, whether the law may authorize them to be treated as criminals.

The Alien act of 1798 permitted proceedings against aliens believed to endanger the safety of the government. But they were in the first instance simply ordered to depart by notice served, and only if they disobeyed that order were they treated as offenders. Under the new law, an alien lawfully in the country, who has never violated any law, against whom no violation of any law is charged, merely by reason of opinions held, is directed to be taken into custody. If this is not unconstitutional, it ought to be. Certainly it is not in accordance with the practice of any constitutional government in time of peace.

And the Deprtment of Justice, instead of tempering the law in its administration, organizes sensational wholesale raids, when it must know that by reason of the numbers taken undue hardships in custodial measures (overcrowded jails, etc.) and mistakes in individual cases will inevitably result.

I realize, of course, that all this is directed against Radicals and Reds and others undeserving of sympathy. In Spain, in the days of the Holy Inquisition, when atheists and others who disbelieved in organized religion were burned at the stake, the auto da fe was made the occasion of a great spectacle attended by the best society. A foreigner once expressed himself to a great lady as horrified that women should take pleasure in seeing human beings consumed by the flames. "Why," she said in indignant astonishment, "it is only heretics that you see burned."

ERNST FREUND.

Chicago, Illinois.

The Class Struggle

SIR: In a recent article in the New Republic comparing the program of the new Labor party with that of the Committee of Forty-eight, appears the astounding statement that both these groups have organized politically because the existing parties do not meet their requirements, and, specifically, that they can not enter the Socialist party, because they "do not believe in the class struggle."

I had to rub my eyes before I could realize that the above statement had appeared in an up-to-date periodical like the New Republic.

These groups met at a time when the class struggle was never so intense. The delegates in the labor group, many of them, came from being recent participants in that struggle. They came because they had learned that labor was severely handicapped in its struggles on the economic field by its lack of organization in the political field, and it was their evident purpose to form a new party, with labor as the nucleus, which should rally round its standard all the other exploited classes, and thus capture control of government and use the governmental power thus obtained as an instrument in freeing labor from oppression.

The class struggle is the very thing which has forced these men into organizing a new party, and yet you tell us that they cannot join the Socialists, because they "do not believe in the class struggle."

I have read with interest, in your same number, the article by William Hard, telling of the conversion of Mr. William Z. Foster from the sectarian I. W. W. to the one true church of the A. F. of L. I have had a somewhat similar conversion along political lines. I still believe that the Socialist party is fundamentally right in most of its contentions, but it cannot win over the labor movement because of its narrow and sectarian spirit. The labor movement needs a party which shall politically express the mind of the whole movement, and not simply the mind of the most thoughtful and progressive section.

Such a program as that formulated by the new Labor party can never become law except against the fierce opposition of organized capital. All labor men know this. Surely, the New Republic knows it. One does not have to be a Socialist, a radical, or even a progressive in order to believe in the class struggle. Simply open your eyes.

WORKINGMAN.

Attleboro Falls, Massachusetts.

Co-operation

SIR: At last, here in America, Co-operation is taking such a deep and sturdy hold that I hope you will allow me to state the fundamental principles of Rochdale Co-operation—to make clear the methods by which Co-operation all over the world has achieved success.

In forming a co-operative society, a group of workers, or people with some common interest, put up a certain amount of money for the capital necessary to start, and elect an executive committee to carry on the work in the interest of the whole group. Each member agrees to the principle of one man one vote, no matter how many shares held, and no proxy voting. Members also agree to trade for cash. Credit may sometimes be given to members in trouble but in no case should it be more than the amount of capital invested by the member, preferably not more than one half.

Goods are not sold at cost. They should be sold at about the current retail price. The difference between the cost price and the selling price creates the surplus savings. Before the distribution of this surplus to the members, certain amounts are set aside for:

1) Interest on capital stock at the current legal rate;
2) A reserve fund to provide for emergency or for further expansion and development;
3) Educational and propaganda purposes.

After this has been done the surplus savings are returned to the members in proportion to the trade they have carried on with their society. For instance—

> Mr. Jones owns a share of stock at $10. This $10 at 6 per cent (the fixed current rate of interest) earns 60 cents a year. But his trade with the society was $300 for the year. After deducting the other funds regularly set aside the surplus savings amount to say 10 per cent of the merchandise sold. Then the members having agreed that the surplus savings should be distributed on the basis of 10 per cent of their patronage, Mr. Jones receives a refund of 10 per cent of $300, or $30.

Operating under these methods co-operative societies usually begin with store keeping or bread baking, because these meet their first and simplest needs; also because money and stock can be turned over quicker than in any other enterprises, and profits, therefore, are earned more rapidly. Beginning in this small way the workers gain experience for larger things. As a result of seventy years' existence the Co-operators of England have an investment of $300,000,000 and over 3,500,000 stockholders.

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Co-operative capital makes possible the ownership of wholesales, of factories, of farms and of natural resources, by the people. The capital to develop these enterprises is obtained from the reserve funds always set apart by co-operative societies for expansion and development.

Twelve million five hundred thousand dollars has recently been used by the co-operative societies of Great Britain for acquiring lands and natural resources, the products of which will be used directly by the consumers' societies and their manufacturing plants.

The training of the people in managing their own affairs and in the administrating of collective capital is obtained in these co-operative societies. This is of great importance, for the development of a citizenship that is able to handle the economic as well as the political problems of the state.

In a co-operative society the members determine how the surplus savings shall be used—whether they shall be used to build halls for their meetings, for concerts, for movies and for other recreations; whether the savings shall be used for medical and nursing care, for insurance, maternity benefits, for vacation opportunities, whether the greater part shall be returned to the members as savings returns on patronage or whether large sums such as mentioned above shall be set aside to acquire original sources of supply.

In the Co-operative Movement the people are no longer exploited. They themselves control and administer the profits which in competitive business would go into the pocket of the private tradesman.

Yet, this is not the end; a still greater benefit than these accrues to the co-operator. It is not alone that the things he needs are made more easily accessible to him; it is not alone that he is freed from the dangers and costs of diseased and adulterated food; it is not alone that he is spared exploitation by the vicious agencies of profiteering; it is not alone that recreations, art and education are rendered accessible. Co-operation does a greater thing than all these. It develops in the soul of man a new spirit. It makes him a "co-operator." It takes hold of the fundamental and primitive instincts—to help one's fellow man, to be kind, to be generous, to render mutual aid—and encourages them. It teaches people to work together for their mutual benefit, that the concerns of one is the concern of all, that no man can cheat or be cheated without his neighbor also suffering.

AGNES D. WARBASSE,
Educational Secretary,
Co-operative League of America.
New York City.

What Is the Plumb Plan?

SIR: If it is true that whenever two people talk to each other there are six personalities in the conversation, how many "Plumb plans" are there? There is, of course, a bill presented to Congress—that is an objective fact. But since the bill is avowedly tentative, the real part it plays as a focus for propaganda, and the propaganda is at least as important as the exact letter of the bill around which it crystallizes. The two are essentially one body; neither can be properly judged apart from the other; and if they are not in accord, the body is not healthy. Judged by this standard, the Plumb plan propaganda has serious organic ailments. Briefly, the Sims bill is chiefly an instrument for joint control of railroads by employees and government, but the Plumb plan, as a basis for propaganda, appears to be chiefly a device for lowering rates and still making profits, mainly through a low valuation and a low rate of interest, neither of which is specified in the bill itself now being considered by Congress.

The New Republic recently took Mr. Sisson to task for claiming that the Plumb Plan involved confiscation, and pointed out, quite justly, that the valuation is left to the final arbitrament of the courts. And yet Mr. Sisson's interpretation has documentary support, not in the Sims bill to be sure, but in the printed propaganda of the Plumb Plan League. And if the bill is to be defended from his charges, does not this involve admitting that the propaganda is to that extent unsound?

Can one consistently advocate the plan on the ground that it will take the roads at two-thirds of their book value, and then, when someone objects that this is too little, defend it on the ground that the bill contains no such provision? The only defense is either to show that the estimated valuation is reasonable and such as the court would probably allow, or to revise the estimates.

If the estimates are sound, well and good, but in that case it is worth remembering that a valuation that is reasonable for purchase is presumably also reasonable for purposes of regulating rates, so that the benefits of a low valuation can be secured without the Plumb plan, if they can be secured at all. If, on the other hand, the estimates are unsound, then people are being bribed to vote for a scheme of industrial democracy by false promises of material gain. And, in the long run, this is the worst thing that could happen to industrial democracy. If the people want industrial democracy they should have it, but if it is promoted as a money-making scheme, whether for the employees, the public, or both, one cannot tell whether those who support it are voting for industrial democracy or merely voting for their own pockets.

The Plumb plan as a venture in industrial democracy is worthy of serious consideration, but its financial prospectus as a money-making enterprise is in the class of get-rich-quick prospectuses. Let us suppose that the Plumb plan had been in force throughout the present year, and the efficiency of operation had remained unchanged. The roads will probably fall at least $300,000,000 short of earning the Federal guarantee, though they can hardly do as well as this unless the coal strike is quickly settled and a quick and complete recovery is made. The Federal guarantee is not far from 5% on $18,000,000,000 which is approximately the book value of the properties. To produce a profit from such a situation surely seems like getting something for nothing. Whence would it come?

First, the valuation is estimated at $12,000,000,000, then the interest of the Federal bonds is estimated at 4 per cent (Liberty bonds now yield approximately 5 per cent) and a sinking fund of 1 per cent is added, the net effect being to reduce the fixed charges by $300,000,000 or just the amount of the most moderate estimate of the 1919 deficit. There would then be available for profits the amount of the taxes now paid to the states—approximately $200,000,000. The states would have to make up this loss in revenue, and a considerable part of their increased taxes would go to increase the high cost of living, while the profits, being only some 4 per cent of gross earnings, would still be far from the point at which rates would be reduced. Reduced to its simplest terms, this means that the present deficit would be met by scaling down the return on the capital, and the amount now paid as taxes would be taken from the states and divided as profits between the employees and the Federal government, the latter's share to be put into the property, so that any benefit therefrom must be too long deferred to figure in the present cost-of-living crisis. This, be it noted, is the most favorable estimate.

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If the courts (as seems probable) should sanction a valuation approaching $18,000,000,000 and if the market (as seems still more certain) should demand a return of five per cent on the bonds issued to purchase the roads, the fixed charges would be increased at once by $480,000,000 and the profit, turned into a deficit of some $280,000,000 which the Federal government would be obliged to meet out of taxation, in addition to the $200,000,000 of revenue lost by the states. Under these conditions the claim that "a forty per cent reduction in freight rates seems reasonable" is—well—difficult adequately to characterize.

Economies there may be—both from increased traffic and from improved morale, but there will be heavy costs of readjustment and possible losses of other sorts including the relaxation of discipline. So far as the effect of increased traffic goes, the writer has given some study to the "law of increasing returns" on railways and is prepared to furnish statistical evidence that no conceivable increase in business could produce anything remotely approaching the effect claimed. Moreover, to meet a deficit of $280,000,000, rates would have to be raised some six per cent instead of lowered, so that the magic effect of lower rates in stimulating traffic could not show itself.

To be sure, rates will have to be raised if the roads are to be turned back to private management, perhaps more than six per cent, since in this case some four per cent of the gross earnings will go as taxes to the states. An increase of eight per cent in rates would probably be sufficient to pay more than five per cent on $18,000,000,000. And this is cheaper for the public than an increase of six per cent in railroad rates plus $200,000,000 of increased state taxes. As compared with private management and reasonable control, the Plumb plan appears to offer no immediate financial advantages. If labor works harder than now, or more conscientiously and effectively, it may share the benefit. Otherwise, there will be no benefit to share.

How many people, if thoroughly convinced of this, would vote for the Plumb plan? The answer to this question, if it could be had, would be an acid test of the genuine desire for industrial democracy as such: the desire based on what it can really give. Another question equally pertinent is: what will people do who supported the plan in the hope of large gains, if they find the gains do not materialize? If they are wage earners, will they not renew the drive for higher wages? And if they are shippers, will not a raise in rates discredit the plan utterly in their minds? And if, with these interests in conflict, the Interstate Commerce Commission is required to control wages, as the New Republic suggests, shall we not have lost the chief advantage of the Plumb plan as set forth elsewhere in the New Republic, viz. the substitution of responsibility for the system of checks and balances made necessary by conflict, exploitation and supervision?

Therefore, to the New Republic's plea: "Amend the Plumb Plan," let me add another: "Amend the Plumb Plan propaganda," by bringing the financial estimates down to earth.

Chicago, Illinois. J. M. CLARK.

[If Mr. Plumb is convinced that correct constitutional principles require a valuation of only $12,000,000,000, he is, of course, entitled to agitate his views as effectively as he can. In so far, on the other hand, as he has spread the belief that such a valuation can be imposed independent of court review, we heartily second the plea put forward by Mr. Clark as to amending the Plumb plan propaganda.

The New Republic has maintained that the Plumb plan, as embodied in the Sims bill and in Mr. Plumb's addresses to Congressional committees, is in its broad outlines sound, and this contention Mr. Clark's financial analysis in no way weakens. Concede that government bonds are issued subject to taxation, at five per cent, as Mr. Clark assumes, instead of tax free, at four per cent, as Mr. Plumb advocates. Assume that despite Federal ownership the states are to be permitted to retain their taxing power over railroad property. Accept, for the moment, a valuation of $18,000,000,000. Even with these concessions Mr. Clark's belief that "the Plumb plan appears to offer no immediate financial advantages" over a system of private management and public regulation seems to us unfounded.

For regulated private ownership Mr. Clark proposes a level of rates which will bring five per cent on a book value of $18,000,000,000. If our past railroad history means anything, such a return will be entirely inadequate. Only the most prosperous railroads, if any, can sell new bonds today at as high a rate as seven per cent. Moreover, the railroads of the country, taken as a whole, are overbonded to such an extent that if private financing is to continue, they must rely mainly on the sale of new stock to raise new capital; but stock is now utterly unsaleable, except perhaps in the case of railroads that draw outside income from oil property. In 1916 the railroads of the country earned over six per cent of their book value, and the average earnings for the five preceding fiscal years were only a fraction under five per cent; yet in those years railroad credit was becoming steadily more precarious. Even if five per cent had been adequate then, however, it would be totally inadequate today, because of the general rise in interest rates. Just how large a rate increase would be needed to restore credit under private ownership (assuming that to be possible at all, within a reasonable time), we have no means of estimating. Certainly it would have to be vastly greater than if new capital were raised on government credit, as is proposed in the Plumb plan.

We are not entitled, however, to assume a valuation in eminent domain proceedings of $18,000,000,000. That is approximately the book value of the property, but book value is frequently fictitious and in the aggregate utterly unreliable. If Mr. Plumb is right, and a valuation of only $12,000,000,000 is sanctioned by the courts, the capital charge will be reduced by about three hundred million. Mr. Clark argues that if such a valuation is correct for nationalization, it is correct for rate regulation, so that the benefits of a low valuation can be obtained without the Plumb plan. Constitutionally this may be so, but a correct legal analogy does not sell railroad securities. If the valuation for rate-making purposes, under private ownership, were cut to $12,000,000,000, the railroads could not possibly finance themselves. Instead of a valuation of $12,000,000,000 and an interest charge of five per cent, it is quite probable that it will be financially (if not legally) necessary to adopt a valuation of $18,000,000,000 and an interest charge of seven per cent. Even at Mr. Clark's valuation figures, therefore, a saving of perhaps three hundred million in fixed charges could be anticipated, while under Mr. Plumb's valuation the saving might be from five hundred to six hundred million annually. Surely to transfer such a sum from capitalists to laborers and consumers is a legitimate object in any program of industrial democracy.—THE EDITORS.]

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Balkan Serpents

SIR: In the proposed Bulgarian treaty I notice a provision for rectification of boundaries. This means that the Serbian border is to be moved to the eastward, so as to include certain Bulgarian communities, among them Strumitza which I know and Czaribrod which I have never visited. This is not because the people concerned desire to be transferred. The purpose is either "to punish Bulgaria", or else to remove the frontier farther from the Belgrade-Nish-Salonika railway. In either case, the punishment falls, not on Bulgaria, nor on her late king, jointly responsible—in connection with the "Concert of the Powers", for most of Bulgaria's blunders and woes. It is presumable that the fate of Strumitza will be that of the rest of the Monastir district, mainly Bulgarian in population, which was in 1912, turned over to Serbia. The people were then exposed to the grinding tyranny of the Serbian army officers, to be revenged in a manner doubtless similar, when Bulgarian soldiers occupied the same district in 1916. From this region all teachers, priests, and leading men were expelled by the Serbians, a fate a shade less trying than that experienced by Bulgarian peasants in 1913 and 1914 in the regions annexed by Rumania (Dobruja), by Turkey (Adrianople, Kirk-Kilissy), and Greece (Salonika). From these districts virtually all Bulgarians were expelled, each with what he could carry on his back.

A letter received recently, from a correspondent who knows the Balkans well, finds in the current adjustments "nothing that even approaches a settlement of the Balkan question and wars must again break out in that corner of Europe. Rumania, Serbia and Greece are unduly enlarged, and there will be much turmoil before they assimilate their enormous new gains. When a snake is struggling to swallow a toad or a rabbit, he can be attacked to good advantage. Bulgaria unified in spirit by a single national aim and burning with a consuming hatred is watching three such serpents as they hiss and writhe, and waits her time to attack. And Europe tries to prevent this by allowing Serbia to plant her cannon on more Bulgarian mountains! Europe solves the Macedonian problem by shoving Bulgarian bayonets ten miles further from the Macedonian Railway!"

There is no way of making boundaries in the Near East correspond to ethnic divisions, for in Turkish times men of all tribes wandered widely, settling where they could find a foothold. But if men were sure of reasonable justice under any flag, boundaries would not matter, and wholesale transfers would be only minor incidents. On the other hand, the extension of "strategic boundaries" in the interest of any nation whatsoever, as matters are, has a sinister purpose and forces wars of revenge to the front as a constant menace. The treaty of Bucharest has been justly condemned for its concessions to the spirit of revenge, and especially for the disregard of all thought of the future of Europe. The Treaty of Versailles goes much farther in the direction of spoliation and of punishment of outlying communities of Bulgarians.

"For her sins, God has punished Bulgaria", said a pious Montenegrin to me in 1914. But for Europe to continue this process is to inflict new horrors upon herself. Balkan states have been the "small change of the Tsar", the puppets of armies and of imperialism. As such, their relations have been and are still a menace to the peace of the world.

Justice, the Balkan peoples have never known, from within or from without. What they need, and the world needs with them, is an infusion of conciliation and cooperation with a cessation of that intrigue, Prussian, Russian, Austrian, French, and Italian which has kept this region a political storm-centre ever since its first release from the Turks. The great need of the Balkans and the rest of Europe as well, is the restoration of human values, and to this end, the wanton shifting of boundaries is a dangerous obstacle.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Leland Stanford University, California.

The Good Bill

SIR: In your issue of January 7th you seem to represent me as regarding the Good Bill (H. R. 9783) as the fulfilment of a long cherished hope. It is evident that others have gained this impression. I am opposed to the Good Bill. I regard it as the worst measure that came before the House. I do not consider it a frank effort to meet and satisfy the demand of the people for visible and responsible government—but a very well designed measure to obtain the support of the "chairman," "ranking members" and "regulars" who are asked to get back of some kind of a measure that an undiscerning public will accept as the fulfilment of party pledges for a budget. May I not therefore ask you to publish this letter?

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

Norwood, Massachusetts.

Criminal Anarchy

SIR: I note that you have exhumed from the daily press Judge Weeks's remarks about disbarring the lawyer who had "questioned the validity of a statute after it had been passed upon"—("Off With His Head"—your issue of December 24th).

I happen to be the guilty lawyer. My words which gave offense occurred at the trial of the first persons indicted at the instance of the Lusk Committee: "Your Honor, I cannot admit the existence, in a democracy, of any such crime as criminal anarchy."

Judge Weeks's public intimation of disbarment was afterwards made on the arraignment of Larkin and Gitlow, *in my absence,* when Mr. Nelles alone appeared for the defendants. I have had no chance publicly to meet it.

May I therefore state that any lawyer has the right to express his opinion on a question of law, no matter what court has passed upon it. And as to the New York statute, which makes criminal the writing or advocacy of a *doctrine,* irrespective of whether there is any "clear and imminent danger"—or even the remotest possibility—that anybody will act upon it, I repeat that I cannot admit the existence of any such crime. See Judge Holmes's dissenting opinion in the Abrams case (concurred in by Judge Brandeis).

The District Attorney who prosecutes the cases of "Criminal Anarchy" has spent many of his evenings advocating the "overthrow by force or violence or any unlawful means" of the British government in Ireland. I am perfectly willing to go to bat, before the Bar Association or the public, as to whether either Mr. Alexander Rorke or myself should be disbarred for our mutual disapproval of the statute.

SWINBURNE HALE.

New York City.

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Books and Things

SOME Diversions of a Man of Letters (Scribners), which I have been reading with pleasure and a faint trace of irritation, reminds me of my first view of the author, Mr. Edmund Gosse. It was not a private view. Mr. Gosse was giving, in the late eighties, a series of Lowell lectures on early Seventeenth Century poets. I saw him in a setting of Boston auditors, mostly ladies, mostly middle-aged, and I found him unlike the type to which inexperience had taught me that a Lowell lecturer would be true. Mr. Gosse was younger than I expected, slimmer, more casual, more elegant. His speech seemed more beautiful than anything I had heard on the lips of English-speaking man. I remember how he repeated, as he did once or twice, his judgment upon Edmund Waller's character—"the miserable Waller." Mr. Gosse's "miserable" had one syllable more than my ears were used to, yet I felt that even had there been two or three more syllables, he would have spoken them all with the same ease. A procession of unaccented syllables was clearly his affair. All I knew of Waller at that time was "Go, lovely Rose" and "That which her slender waist confined," and this is all I know now, except that his motto in public life was safety first, and that Mr. Gosse did well to call him "the miserable Waller."

A few weeks ago Mr. Heywood Broun aptly described President Wilson's attitude toward publicity. "He can take it," said Mr. Broun, "or he can let it alone." Our attitude toward reading, the attitude of most of us who enjoy reading, is like that. We can take it or we can let it alone. Mr. Gosse cannot let it alone. Even in the eighties of the last century he struck me as an appallingly well-read man. And he has been reading ever since. He has been a solitary, secret reader. For weeks and months on end he has concealed from all eyes except his Maker's and his Printer's the growth of his habit, and he has managed to combine this quiet life with occasional debauches, when he cuts loose and reads and reads and reads, exactly as a man might whose prolonged swear-off was over at last. These excesses, occasional and habitual, have done Mr. Gosse no harm. They have done him good. His article on Waller, in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, ends with this sentence: "Waller was writing in the regular heroic measure, afterwards carried to so high a perfection by Dryden and Pope, as early as 1623 (if not, as has been supposed, even in 1621)." No harm, because, exhaustively knowing the case for 1623 and for 1621, and also the case against each of these dates, Mr. Gosse is able to refrain from stating so much as one of these four cases. Good, because, if he should state any or all of the four, his statement would throw light upon the history of English literature.

Mr. Gosse has the gift of taking a few dates, which look unimportant to the unlearned, and trivial to the ignorant, and of so relating them to other parts of his immense knowledge as to satisfy a curiosity we were not aware that we had. Of this dexterity, of this illuminating use of his wide reading, Some Diversions of a Man of Letters contains a good example—the essay called The Message of the Wartons. It had never occurred to me, perhaps even to you it had never occurred, to wonder who was the real forerunner of the Romantic Movement. Mr. Gosse's essay gives us the curiosity we lacked and satisfies it. From his stores of learning he takes just what will best help us to see Joseph and Thomas Warton in their time, to realize the lonely originality of their wishes for English poetry. He does this easily, agreeably, without pedantry or display, and without leading us to suspect him of overrating what the Wartons wrote in either verse or prose. His interest stays where he puts ours, namely, upon the fact that the Wartons were fifty years ahead of their time. This is especially true of Joseph. "He was, so far as we can gather," says Mr. Gosse, "the earliest person in the modern world of Europe to observe what vain sacrifices had been made by the classicists, and in particular by the English classicists, and as he walked enthusiastically in the forest he formed a determination to reconquer the realm of lost beauty. The moment that this instinct became a purpose, we may say that the great Romantic Movement, such as it has enlarged and dwindled down to our own day, took its start."

In the history of English scholarship there have been many men who carried their learning as easily as Mr. Gosse carries his. I wonder what the secret of their ease may be. Can knowledge ever be so nearly complete as to annul in the scholar all temptation to overvalue any part of that knowledge? Nonsense. We have all been exposed, in our own country, to men who overrated each part of their formidable erudition as remorselessly as if they knew nothing else. Even in England there have been ferocious pedants. Even in England no scholar conforms to the tactful tradition unless a little modesty and a little kindness are his portion. And yet in England, where it is as impossible as elsewhere to be a well-read man without having read much that isn't worth reading, the talent of *not offending is commoner than it is among* well-read Germans or well-read Americans. With us, so far as my experience goes, a well-read man is almost never anything else. The past is his and he made it, so he appears to believe, and the present isn't much, and the future is likely to be a poor thing. Mr. Gosse is anything but this kind of well-read man. He has been quick to welcome new talent—surely he was the first in England to foresee the influence M. André Gide would have upon younger men of letters in France. He has also—and this is a far rarer distinction—been quick to welcome at least one new genius, Ibsen. What a good fight he fought for Ibsen, ever so many years ago, at a time when almost nobody, outside of Scandinavia and Germany, suspected Ibsen of greatness!

Let us remember these things in Mr. Gosse's favor, particularly when we find him, as in the last essay in this new book, surprisingly inhospitable to a new talent, Mr. Lytton Strachey's. Mr. Gosse thinks that Mr. Strachey is "very adroit," that "he possesses the art of arresting attention," that "he writes sensibly, rapidly and lucidly, without false ornament of any kind." This is poor praise for Eminent Victorians, and the blame is poorer than the praise. Subordinate figures, even if "subdued in fogginess," says Mr. Gosse, "should not be falsely drawn, but Mr. Strachey, intent upon the violent portrait of Gordon, is willing to leave his Baring and Hartington and Wolseley inexact as well as shadowy." Yet it is not to such remarks as this, which beautifully miss the virtues of Mr. Strachey's exquisite art, that the irritation is due which I spoke of in my first paragraph. One is not irritated by total failure to understand. My irritation is due to an occasional phrase—"poor exhausted pilgrim of Bellona," "the whole cabbage of landscape was shredded into the classical pot-au-feu"—phrases of a kind tha Mr. Gosse has always used.

P. L.

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The Fruit of Secret Alliances

How the War Came, by Earl Loreburn. London: Methuen & Co.

WHAT profit is there now in threshing over once more the question of who willed the war, if any one, by whose acts of crime or stupidity, by what institutional development, well meant in the first instance but perverted in the end, a world fell in ruins? Are we not now living under a new dispensation, excluding from possibility a repetition of the tragedy of 1914? Any one who is certain of this may omit Earl Loreburn's book from his list of required reading, although in so doing he will miss a rare intellectual pleasure. If the book is to be regarded merely as a historical essay, still it is one of the neatest and clearest ever written. Those who do not believe that the work of peacemaking was completed once for all at Versailles will place a far higher value on Earl Loreburn's book. It exhibits in a clear light the kind of thing that must be done and the kind of thing that must be avoided if peace is to be maintained among peoples nationalized enough to be conscious of definite interests that may need to be fought for.

Europe before 1914 was heading toward disaster. Inevitably? No; Earl Loreburn rejects, after a dispassionate examination, the theory of the inevitable war, bound to come sooner or later, and perhaps better sooner than later. That theory is merely an excuse for the crime and sloth and folly that brought on the war or failed to prevent it. The German military machine did indeed want war, as did the aristocratic and militaristic group surrounding the senile Austrian emperor. There were groups in other countries as well that welcomed war. But the vast majority of the people of every country, Germany included, feared and loathed war. And the anti-war forces were growing.

If the Serbian crisis could have been kept from blazing up into a general war, there would no doubt have been other crises to threaten the peace, but each crisis eased off would have strengthened the chance that the world war would never happen. Presently the old Austrian emperor was bound to die, to be succeeded by an heir less the tool of militarists and oppressors. The power of the German social democracy, bitterly hostile to the autocracy and general staff, was growing apace; in five years or ten of peace Junkers and Pan-Germans would have had something to occupy themselves with besides dreams of conquest and world empire. The condition of European affairs was precarious, not desperate, up to the last week of July 1914. And even in that last week, there was hope for a peaceful solution, until arrogance on the one side and weakness on the other pushed the balance of forces to the side of war.

Not that either the arrogance or the weakness were signally exemplified; they were disastrous because of the extraordinarily instable equilibrium of Europe. That instability is explained by Earl Loreburn in terms of the two storm centers, Alsace Lorraine and the Balkans, and the system of alliances, open or secret, that insured the transmission to the whole European structure of disturbances originating in those centers. Alsace Lorraine was relatively quiescent. Every one knew that France would never precipitate a war for the sake of recovering the lost provinces. But they remained a perpetual barrier to harmonious relations between France and Germany. They kept both countries in a state of suspicion. When the Bismarckian policy of cultivating Russian friendship was dropped by the Kaiser in his pride, French diplomacy naturally seized its opportunity. Russia was bound fast to France, and thereafter the Slavic peril became the nightmare of the German people and the ever convenient propaganda of German militarism. What is more to the present point, by the alliance with Russia, France became subject to every bellicose impulse emanating from the Balkans. For to Russia, with her secular dream of Constantinople and her sentimental interest in the Southern Slavs, every shift of power in the Balkans was a matter of grave concern.

By her alliance with Russia, then, France was in perpetual danger of being drawn into war over some Balkan question that did not in any way affect her own interest. That was understood. Presumably the French found compensating advantage in the security offered them against German aggression. What was not understood was that Great Britain, also, had drifted into a similar position through a series of understandings with France. Sir Edward Grey did indeed assert, down to the very last, that England's hand was free. No doubt he believed it. The British people, certainly, was not aware of any engagement that might compel them to fight Germany and Austria on account of a Balkan quarrel. But was England in fact free to come into the war or stay out? She was not, Earl Loreburn shows quite conclusively. She had, in fact, by her naval agreements committed herself so far to France that in the event of an attack on France by Germany, England was bound in honor to defend France and French shipping against the German fleet. That was not unlimited support, but it was still less the neutral position that the British nation assumed to be theirs.

Those secret commitments, not the rape of Belgium, made British participation in the war inevitable. Does that need to be proved? Earl Loreburn proves it. Indeed, but for those commitments Belgium might have gone unravaged. If England had said, Touch Belgium and we fight; let her alone and we are neutral, would Germany have made a bloody highway of the Belgian fields? The supposition is absurd. England, if her hands had not been tied, could have required of Germany a guarantee of French integrity, also, as a condition of her neutrality. The Germans were well aware of the punishment the British fleet could inflict on them. They would have paid, and paid well, for neutrality. Now, most of us will agree that since the Germans would not keep the peace, it was best that the war should be extended until forces enough were marshalled to beat them. It was better that England was committed to the support of France. But that is beside the point, which is that the British were committed by their diplomats without their knowledge and without the knowledge of the world.

What, after all, was the practical difference, whether Britain was bound by a secret agreement or an open alliance, so long as the object was beneficent, the safeguarding of France against aggression, and so long as the final result was the overthrow of the Central European autocracies? If the British people had realized that they would inevitably be drawn into a continental struggle, they would certainly not have been caught unprepared. Believing as they did that the traditional British policy of aloofness from continental quarrels was still in force, the British public could see no reason whatever for huge armies organized on the continental plan. A small land force and a powerful navy, these were sufficient to meet any exigencies arising out of traditional British policy. They were lamentably inadequate to meet the exigencies of the new policy Sir Edward Grey

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had fastened upon the country without the knowledge or consent of either parliament or public.

Nor is that all. If Germany had been given plainly to understand that in case she made war upon France and Russia, she would have to reckon also with the resources of the British Empire, she might well have paused to consider whether mobilization on Russia's part was not sufficiently answered by her own mobilization, without a declaration of war. The course of negotiations in the week before Germany declared war showed plainly that England wanted peace, and so did France and Russia, that civilian Germany hoped for peace with honor, and even Austria was ready to consider a compromise. War broke because the Kaiser and the German General staff were keyed up to such a pitch of war insanity that the Russian mobilization seemed to them necessarily a direct challenge. It would not have seemed so direct a challenge if they had not been confident of an easy victory, and this confidence rested on the assumption that England would not come in.

If Germany had known that England was committed against her there might have been no war. If England had not been committed, and had been able to say to Russia, Mobilize provocatively, and we wash our hands of you, the mobilization which gave Germany her cause of war would probably not have taken place. England might have prevented the war if she had been either openly allied to France or had had her hands absolutely free. And it is no wonder that Germans of the Machiavellian school should argue from the ambiguity of England's policy that she willed the war that was to destroy her commercial and naval rival.

That, of course, is rubbish. No one can follow the negotiations of the period preceding the declaration of war without becoming convinced that if there was one man in Europe who sincerely desired peace, who labored incessantly, desperately for peace, that man was Sir Edward Grey. The responsibility for precipitating the war rests squarely with the Kaiser and his military advisers. They thought England would not fight; they would otherwise have acted differently. That makes their moral culpability greater rather than less. But the fact remains that Sir Edward Grey and his collaborators had bound England secretly to the defense of France instead of by an open compact, accepted by Parliament and fortified by preparations commensurate with the responsibility. Thereby, what they could not have foreseen, they had placed themselves out of position to say the decisive word that might have prevented the war. For the apparent advantages of flexibility and friendliness of international relationships they had led their country along the path of secret diplomacy to an impasse where all their good will and that of a peace loving nation were impotent to ward off the greatest disaster of the ages. Will an honorable statesman ever again put his trust in secret understandings?

The peace of the world can not be securely established except by international organization. But no practicable organization can of itself make war impossible. If intrigue and secret commitments go on among the nations within the organization, we have no guarantee whatever against the rise of factions that may ultimately appeal to force. Let there be no separate alliances within the League: that was one of Wilson's soundest contributions to internationalism. But above all, let there be no secret alliances, to fill the new world with the suspicion and resentment that ruined the old.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Industry for Service

Organizing for Work, by Henry L. Gantt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

"THE prime function of a science," says Mr. Gantt, "is to enable us to anticipate the future in the field with which it has to deal." Looked at thus in its proper perspective, it may be truly said that "scientific management" has served the world well. For out of a cult which insisted somewhat stridently that "facts" and "science" were the solvents of industrial ills grows a spirit daily sweeter and more reasonable which points out that if our economic institutions are to be truly scientific, they must also be democratic and human.

Mr. Frederick W. Taylor's scientific principles despite their insight and utility have always had a tendency to become metallic, inflexible and even exploitative in the hands of some of his followers. Now, twenty years after his pioneer work, a disciple faithfully carries forward the principles by the same scientific methods to the point where he says in italics, "we have proved in many places that the doctrine of service which has been preached in the churches as religion is not only good economics and eminently practical but because of the increased production of goods obtained by it, promises to lead us faithfully through the maze of confusion into which we seem to be headed, and to give us that industrial democracy which alone can afford a basis for industrial peace."

The milestones on the road of this gradual but fundamental conversion are not only interesting in the history of ideas, they are an earnest of that intellectual outlook which promises to gain ascendancy among genuine industrial leaders. Indeed, these leaders have already brought substantial improvement in their method of attacking the economic maladjustment. Mr. Gantt is himself today his predecessor's adequate critic. "It is undoubtedly true," he confesses, "that the 'efficiency' methods which have been much in vogue for the past twenty years in this country, have failed to produce what was expected of them." And the explanation is, he says, that these methods "have been applied in a manner that was highly autocratic."

But the earlier critics of Taylor were not allowed to offer such criticism unchallenged. They fought their way against a formidable opposition. Robert G. Valentine, addressing the Taylor Society as late as 1915, on The Progressive Relation Between Efficiency and Consent was received with an almost abusive absence of sympathy. Robert F. Hoxie after writing Scientific Management and Labor was only spared a grilling from the same group by his untimely death. Valentine and Hoxie deserve credit for irritating the devotees of the science of management into a most uncomfortably questioning state of mind. "Efficiency," and "science," these two insisted, were not absolute values. They were relative concepts to be viewed always in relation to social utility and human happiness.

Robert B. Wolf added the weight of his evidence and the force of his personality to the case against the autocratic manner and for a setting up of human values, by telling individual production records in New Hampshire and later of his success with collective bargaining in the Northwest.

Carleton B. Parker was at the same time attracting attention by his popularized presentation of the psychology of industrial behavior. He joined with Wolf in insisting that the normal human being could and would be interested

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in his work under the proper conditions. He outlined the native tendencies of people in terms of instinct and impulse; and hinted boldly that the Freudian hypothesis of the critical influence of the unconscious, of repression and the various other "mechanisms," helped to explain much working class conduct. Parker succeeded signally in bringing the psychological reinforcements to the growing body of thought which is affirming that industry in both its productive and distributive phases must set the value of the individual human personality as central in all thought about industrial purposes and methods.

A parallel line of criticism of the industrial mechanism on its financial side has meanwhile been developing with Ferguson as its prophet and Veblen as its scientist. And when Gantt says that our country needs a credit system based not on "those who have ownership but also on those who have productive capacity," he is only revealing himself as that indispensable synthesizer who as an engineer, as a scientist and as a man has dared to see his ideas through.

For Gantt's view, as advanced in this excellent little study, is briefly that we must commence to be scientific at the crucial point where enterprise is extended according to productive capacity, not according to "tangible assets and for the whole purpose of making money."

Such a socialized credit system could now be safely worked, he maintains, because we have developed production records which can give an almost perfect picture of individual workers' and of managements' productive competence. And such records are increasingly available, based on scientific study of standards of performance in the shop—a study carried forward by experts and presumably under the joint control of managers and men. Starting thus with a social control in the initiation of the enterprise, Mr. Gantt believes that we can safely extend a democratic method into the control of each and every shop, provided always there is the adequate fact-basis for negotiation and conference.

Socialists reading Mr. Gantt's book will be disposed to see its author as one more convert, forced to their general position by the sheer logic of his own honest thinking. But Gantt does far more than reinforce with his declaration of faith the proposition now affirmed by forward looking people, that our economic life must be run with the motive of service. He gives his assurance as an engineer that he has "proved" that the motive of service "is the more productive, the democratic method the more efficient."

He shows at least one practical way in which social control of production can be intelligently exercised in the public interest. He brings methods and safe next steps where the older socialists have brought only exhortation. He illustrates well the truth that the purposes which the intelligence and the spirit of men point to as worthy, can be achieved not by a great gesture, but by remembering that in social processes as in nature, the need is for courageous experiment—in which we prove all things and hold fast to what is good.

Henry L. Gantt's labors are at an end. The wide discrepancy between what he saw as worth doing and essential to do if we are to conserve the best in the social structure, and what little he saw being done, wore fiercely upon his spirit. It is not an accident that at the time of a tremendous usefulness Robert G. Valentine, Robert F. Hoxie, Carleton H. Parker, and Henry L. Gantt have all died prematurely. The problem of socializing the economic structure must almost of necessity oppress with its enormity all who attack it. Yet at the same time its fascination challenges the adventurous to spend every ounce of energy in its solution.

ORDWAY TEAD.

The Gay-Dombeys

The Gay-Dombeys, by Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THERE are no empty spaces in The Gay-Dombeys. It is an inexhaustible book, written with an exuberance and close knowledge which particularize every vista, and the vistas which it opens are many and large. Stiff minded persons may remark that if Sir Harry Johnston had something intimate and serious to say about British imperialism as it concerned Africa in the twenty years or so before the war, he should have chosen the tried and dignified form of memoirs or the book of essays. But the memoir or the essay would have given his effect only in generalized relief, all on one plane and presumably diminished by discretions; and what this author plainly wants to create is the living reality of his chosen period, the people who had made and shaped and marred the imperialism which is his central subject. In the novel, in such a spacious novel as he has invented, he can give not only the local substance of his theme through Eustace Morven, African explorer, botanist, anthropologist, consul, commissioner, expounder of Congo atrocities, member of Parliament, with a history not unlike that of Sir Harry Johnston himself. Builders of empire, henchmen, statesmen can appear, with their love-affairs, their disgraces, their minor prejudices and major temperaments, all the elements which affected their careers and the great destinies which they were handling. There is room for the whole living picture, and we have as result not a guarded abstraction, but something like the complex and living fact.

In handling his notabilities Sir Harry takes his own line. He uses none of those knowing references which characterize so many political or semi-political novels, none of the slight, sharp portraits which are often inserted here and there and never fuse with the portraiture of the rest of the book. The Gay-Dombeys is above all a work of the imagination of a high and humorous order. The lively basic fancy which makes most of the characters descend from originals in Dickens and even spills over into Trollope and Browning is typical, and typical too is the zest with which this fancy is carried to the furthest. This kind of diversion and gay fillip of emphasis keep the narrative constantly moving past mere personalities; most of the portraits are readily recognizable, but not one of them is static, stimulating a mere guessing game, and most of them are humanized and amplified by a broadly sketched experience, perhaps imaginary, perhaps not.

The interest in personalities is acute, but it is one of many, and the relation of people to the large picture of social and political life is kept constantly to the fore. The reaching out of the Foreign Office to take in colonial activities is pictured, the tuppeny-ha'penny methods, the expansion of shipping interests (through the Dombeys), the growing exploitation of Africa, particularly West Africa. All this is sharply set against the concrete background of West Africa itself as seen by Morven and revealel in his notes and letters: the magnificent panorama of tropical interiors, the native villages, the ways of cannibal tribes and others, the missionaries and their conflicts, the perfunctory governors and consuls. As Morven comes back again to England an intimate kind of social-political life crowds forward. The growth of an unscrupulous press is drawn, and the personality behind it, the unlikely causes of a Shakespeare revival, the rise of the Second Adventists,

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pomegranate poetry, and a hundred other elements of the time and the section of society. At the end, when Morven stands for Parliament, the whole farce of the parliamentary election is played up, with the forced subscriptions to local clubs, factitious issues and a listless electorate, and finally the serio-comic (it is irresistibly comic) appearance of Bella Delorme, born Toodle, to save the day and elect Morven to a Parliament which is uninterested in problems of Africa.

Was there ever such a book for sheer compression, for undying humor, for large presentment of large theme? And within its larger scale there is an amazing number of small episodes, the essentials of many lives and many characters. Lady Feenix alone would be subject enough for most novels, with her charming worldliness, her penetrating, restless flow of talk, her sense of situation, and Morven's love of her. There is always place for nice touches of personal characterization. Mrs. Morven's letter to her son describing a Sunday's visit to the Gay-Dombeys is a perfect and melting expression of an old lady's unwonted excursion, and gives amusing oblique views of all the Dombey family. The book is packed with the most enlivening minor references and sidelong views. It is all irregular and untrammeled in form and method and idea, but it is wholly clear and communicative: a triumph over a complex and overflowing subject matter.

C. M. K.

War in the Garden of Eden, by Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CAPTAIN ROOSEVELT describes his experiences on the Mesopotamian front from the double standpoint of the soldier and the traveller. The military operations in this region were quite primitive, according to modern standards. Only a comparatively small number of men were engaged on both sides; there was no trench fighting; and heavy artillery was little used. The serious situation on the western front at that time precluded any effort to secure major results in the Near East. Nevertheless the author took part in several brisk skirmishes, which he describes with considerable spirit.

The impressions of the average visitor to the Tigris-Euphrates valleys are vigorously summed up in an observation credited to a disgusted British soldier: "If this is the Garden of Eden it wouldn't take no angel with a flaming sword to turn me back."

However, despite its flat, monotonous aspect, the country is by no means devoid of interesting features; and Captain Roosevelt, with the help of a number of photographs which he took, gives a good description of the ruins of Babylon and other ancient cities and of the picturesque appearance of Bagdad, which is a flourishing town, although it falls considerably short of the splendor portrayed in the Arabian Nights. Captain Roosevelt left for France to enter the American army in the spring of 1918. In the concluding chapter of the book he gives a brief account of his service there as a captain of artillery.

Early in the book the author indulges in an apprehension which has certainly been fully removed by the subsequent course of events. Speaking of the development of Mesopotamia by the British he observes that "it is impossible to contemplate with equanimity the possibility of the country reverting to a rule where all this progress would soon disappear and the former stagnancy and injustice again hold sway." Captain Roosevelt's equanimity need not have been disturbed, even for a moment, on this score. The British government is determined to extend the benfits of its rule to the backward peoples of Asia, even if it has to back up its altruism with troops, machine guns, aeroplanes and poison gas.

Free Air, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

AT first reading it is rather difficult to account for the undeniable charm of this novel. The characters and the plot are commonplace to the point of banality. A rich eastern girl taking her invalid father on a trip across the continent in a large machine; a poor but honest and attractive young westerner who attaches himself to the party in Minnesota as an escort and bodyguard; a snobbish suitor of the girl who turns up in Montana and does his best to reveal himself as a disagreeable cad: these are certainly the ingredients of the lightest kind of light fiction. In fact the outlines of such a story are sometimes found in thrillers like Deadshot Dick or Her Western Lover.

But these reflections do not help to explain the merit and interest of Mr. Lewis's novel. It is always more or less dangerous to speak about the "atmosphere" of a book; but the author really seems to catch the sweep and exhilaration of the great open country over which his characters wind their way. He writes in a spirit of unaffected buoyant joyfulness which is certain to infect the reader sooner or later. And his book is an Odyssey of the Northwest; his pictures of the farmers, hotelkeepers and small-town merchants whom the travellers meet are distinctly drawn from first hand experience. As for the western boy and eastern girl, even if they are quite obvious, they are also quite human and natural. The author possesses a faculty of smooth and easy narration that makes the story glide along as quickly as the heroine's car, and makes the reader rather sorry when the journey comes to an end.

Mr. Lewis apparently set out to write an oldfashioned love story, with a liberal dash of humor and a rapidly changing scenic background of Middle and Far Western life. He also aimed to make his story entirely free from all serious problems, political, moral and philosophical. It may be said that he has attained all his objectives.

Contributors

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